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MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE'S GOLDEN WEDDING: MRS. GLADSTONE.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY.

## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The young gentleman who won £38,000 in the Vienna lottery has not escaped the shafts of uncharitableness and envy. It is generally asserted that he bribed the drawing boy; but as he has got the money he is not likely to be disturbed by such insinuations, any more than the young lady of Oldham ("who, when she got presents, she sold 'em") in the well-known ballad. The coincidence of so many numbers turning up to his advantage is certainly most remarkable, and the subject is one of which his countrymen never tire. There are books published both in Austria and Italy which show the relation of every occurrence, whether in vision or in every-day life, to numbers in the lottery. "Thus, for example," says a speculator, "I meet in my morning walk a mastiff, a man in a pea-green coat, and a rouged woman with a white bonnet. On consulting my book, I find that the mastiff is twelve, the pea-green man sixteen, and the rouged lady thirty." Every case, of course, cannot be provided for in these ingenious works. The speculator dreams of a human figure upon Mont Blanc: he sees in it a man who has reached as high as human daring can carry him. "The case is clear," he says to himself: "I play ninety"—the highest number.

There is a great talk just now of the prevalence of gambling amongst us; but it is forgotten how, at one time, the lottery used to excite us. When a man won a large stake, instead of saying "Rest and be thankful," as a sensible fellow should do who has been exceptionally lucky, he generally lost it, and often much more, in buying other tickets. Christopher Bartholomew, who once possessed the famous White Conduit House and Angel Inn, at Islington, was a remarkable instance of this folly. He won so much in the lottery that he gave a public breakfast at his tea-gardens "to commemorate the smiles of Fortune"; but eventually lost all his property in the same investment. Near the close of his life he persuaded a friend to lend him a little money to purchase one sixteenth of a ticket, which he had "a strong presentiment" would turn out a lucky number. It realised £20,000. But he could not restrain himself from trying his luck again even after that, and died a beggar.

A strange story—not in his biography, I think—is told of Theodore Hook in connection with lotteries. He came to a dinner-party not in his usual spirits, which he attributed to an unpleasant adventure he had met with coming up in the Portsmouth coach. His only companion had been a person of such an extremely melancholy appearance that, finding his sighs and groans insupportable, he was driven to ask him what was the matter. "You see before you," answered the other, "the most unfortunate man in Christendom. I dreamed of a lucky number in the lottery, saved up my money, and bought the ticket; but, giving way to the remonstrances of my wife, who accused me of gambling away our little all, I parted with it for the same sum. And now that number has won £20,000. What would you have done, Sir, in the face of such a dreadful disappointment?" "Well," said Hook, "I really think I should have cut my throat." "Just what I did, Sir," returned the poor fellow, turning down his shirt-collar and showing the cicatrix.

The House of Commons has counted among its visitors many children of Nature: Chinamen, wild Indians, and American-Irish have all in turn sat in its gallery and been entranced (in one way or another) by its eloquence; but it never had a more unconventional guest than on a very recent occasion. He was a countryman of our own, and quite willing to conform to any custom made sacred by antiquity provided only that it did not give him cold; and he would keep his hat on in the Strangers' Gallery, upon the ground that "he felt a draught." The attendant, the Serjeant-at-Arms, the Speaker, all remonstrated with him in turn, but in vain: "When I take cold," he pathetically pleaded, "I lose my voice, I lose my taste, I lose my smell; and up here I find myself in the dangerous vicinity of an open window." More sensible observations have rarely been heard in "the House," or delivered in a more natural manner. It was not till the alternative of expulsion was offered him that he unwillingly gave way to convention and exposed his bald head to the blast.

The incident itself is interesting, but it is probable that it never entered into the mind of this simple stranger that a great question was illustrated by his conduct—namely: Should a large number of persons be gratified by a small pleasure at the cost of a serious calamity to a single individual? There are those who maintain that hurdy-gurdies should be encouraged, because, though here and there they may drive a few persons suffering from brain fever to madness, they amuse the whole juvenile population. Similarly, there will, no doubt, be found people to maintain that rather than some little Parliamentary by-law, the upholding of which affords a general sense of self-complacency, should be infringed, it is better that a fellow-creature should lose his voice, his taste, and his smell.

The attraction of a new thing is not always its novelty; in some cases one cannot help exclaiming, "How strange it is that this has not happened before!" It seems so appropriate to the fitness of things. For example, there has just occurred—it is scarcely necessary to say in Ireland—a fight in a jury-box, a place one would have thought especially adapted for fisticuffs, having an enclosure of its own, interested spectators, and an umpire (the foreman), all complete. Yet one doesn't remember its having occurred before. It is recorded of a famous patron of the Ring that he could never see a piece of smooth turf without imagining it to be "staked in," and fitting the broad outlines of nature with seconds, backers, stop-watches, and all the niceties of art. Henceforward the jury-box will doubtless afford to some eyes a similar spectacle. In the case in question, the foreman was the object of

onslaught, which was clearly a mistake on the part of the aggressor, since it did away with the other's judicial position; but, considering it was a first attempt, the affair was really very creditable, and seems to have given great satisfaction to a crowded court.

A cat, worried by street-boys, shod with walnut-shells, and with a saucepan-lid tied to its tail, has "gone mad" (as most people would have done under similar circumstances) and bitten one of its tormentors. There is little doubt, therefore, that a public meeting will presently be convened by the Lord Mayor to take into consideration the advisability of muzzling the cats. It will be quite a "one-horse affair" in comparison with muzzling "every dog," and there fortunately need be no exceptions. Cats are not employed by shepherds, nor (except by the Comtesse de la Torr) kept in packs; when "hunted" they are hunted singly. It will be a high time for the mice, and we may be rather overrun by them; but our duty is as clear in this case as the other. If a mad cat should bite a mouse, all the mice would go mad, and the task of muzzling the mice would be both delicate and difficult. In the meantime, however, it may be worth while to note what Dr. Gordon Stables observes on the authority of Mr. Rotherham, who probably knows as much about the canine world as any man in England, that the muzzling of dogs is more likely than any other plan that could be hit upon to develop rabies.

In giving good advice it is taken for granted that the donor should be acquainted with the concerns of the person he proposes to benefit: what is not so well understood is that the recipient should be equally well informed about the circumstances of the giver. A shocking example has recently occurred through the neglect of the latter precaution. Two coachmen, A and B, were in a certain tent at Ascot, when A's master came in to order his horses. "They ought," he said, "to have been brought round a quarter of an hour ago." "Never you mind," said the coachman; "it is quite unnecessary to put yourself in a pucker about it, and to a person with your habit of body very dangerous this hot weather. My horses will be in plenty of time." "Very good," replied the master, and meekly went his way. "Well, upon my life," said B to A, "that was pretty language to use to your governor." "I always do it," returned A, quietly: "when you have been a coachman as long as I have, you will find it's the best plan." B was struck by this, and when, after his friend had gone, his master came in, and, in his turn, inquired impatiently after his horses, he replied: "Never you mind; it is quite unnecessary to put yourself in a pucker"—The whole sentence was not finished, because at this point his master took him by the collar and kicked him out of the tent. When B met A, some time afterwards, he bitterly reproached him. "A pretty fellow you are to give a chap good advice. I have lost my situation through saying the very same words to my governor that I heard you say to yours." "I am sorry for that," said A, with a grin: "perhaps I ought to have told you that my governor is stone deaf."

The secret of great literary popularity is said to be the art of flattering the intelligence of the readers. "Proverbial Philosophy" is more popular than any other poem, because it is intelligible to the multitude, who as a rule can make nothing of poetry. As Mr. Squeers in his Sunday coat was astonished at his own respectability, so there is a glow of gratified surprise awakened in dull minds when they find themselves understanding what they read. Keeping this great truth steadily in his mind, Mr. George William Willis, late of the Bufts, put a very simple problem before the public, and delighted them with the ease with which they solved it. "Guess," he advertised in various newspapers, "the three letters required to make . . . chester spell a well-known English town"; and promised prizes to all the lucky competitors, who had, however, to pay one shilling each, entrance money. He had 465 votes, which realised £23 5s. This was really good business, for whoever guessed Manchester was informed it ought to have been Colchester, and whoever guessed Winchester was told he ought to have guessed Chichester, so that there was no outlay for prizes at all. The incident is noteworthy, as illustrative of the state of popular intelligence, in spite of school boards.

Those who are acquainted with the sporting world know that the poorest men carry the largest sums about their persons. The gilded youth, with the gilt very worn and thin, and who are known to be on their last legs, have their breast-pockets stuffed with "fivers"; they carry their all in their note-case, because, when they wish to back their opinion or their luck at the card-table, their credit is not so good as it used to be, and it is more satisfactory to their opponents to see the colour of their money. But even these gentlemen do not carry bullion in such quantities as were discovered upon the Irish beggar-woman in Dublin the other day. Those who searched her rags compared them to a gold-mine. She had £235 in sovereigns about her, besides notes and securities for £600 more, and nearly five stone of silver and copper coins. Distrustful of bankers, she never parted from all this personalty, and had not undressed for six years. A beggar by profession, none could have called her a poor beggar. What is most curious, next to her being able to carry weight to this extent, is the risk she must have run every night of her life of being robbed and murdered.

Another and another volume of Carlyle "Memoirs." These are getting to be as numerous as the "Memoirs of Napoleon the Great," and with the same unpleasant result of making the subject of them appear less and less attractive. No one can complain of the biographers of the sage of Chelsea falling into the common error of their class and becoming eulogists. The historian of the French Revolution was a great writer, "and Death," says De Lamartine, "has been at all times the refuge of heroes"; but the right of sanctuary has in these days been denied to them. Their weaknesses, their

meanesses, the flaws even of their domestic lives must be laid bare. "Tis but just the many-headed beast should know." Even such circumstances as have been against them in their early lives, which advocates are allowed to plead in extenuation of the faults of the humblest of us, are not admitted in their case. I often think of a verdict passed upon Carlyle, in my presence, by one who, however unfitted in many respects to pass judgment upon him, at least knew human nature well—namely, Bernal Osborne. "Carlyle," he said, "with all his genius, has never got rid of the peasant." He had, indeed, the jealousies as well as the manners of the boor. But that is no reason why they should be dwelt upon (almost to the exclusion of his merits) in fourteen, or more, volumes.

## THE COURT.

The Princess of Wales, with her two daughters Princesses Louise and Victoria, arrived at Windsor Castle on July 13, on a short visit to the Queen. After taking luncheon with her Majesty and the Royal family, the Princess and daughters returned to town. The Duchess of Albany, with Princess Alice and the young Duke of Albany, arrived at the castle. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein dined with her Majesty. The Marquis of Hartington, the Bishop of Ripon, General the Right Hon. Sir Henry and the Hon. Lady Ponsonby, and Miss E. Heron-Maxwell, had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family. On Sunday, July 14, the Queen and the Royal family at Windsor Castle attended Divine service at the Royal Mausoleum, Frogmore. The Bishop of Ripon officiated. On the 15th the United States Minister and Mrs. Lincoln and Mr. Russell Harrison, son of the President of the United States, and the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury arrived at the castle, and had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family. Major the Hon. H. C. and Mrs. Legge were also invited. The Marquis of Salisbury had an audience of her Majesty. The Prince of Wales visited her Majesty on the 16th, and remained to luncheon. The Duchess of Albany and Princess Alice and the young Duke of Albany left the castle for Claremont. Her Majesty has left Windsor for Osborne.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, with Prince George of Wales and Princess Maud, returned to Marlborough House on July 12 from visiting Earl Cadogan at Newmarket. Princess Louise and Princess Victoria of Wales, with the Earl of Fife, had previously arrived at Marlborough House from Windsor Castle. The Duc d'Aumale visited the Prince on the 13th, and remained to luncheon. The Prince was present at a meeting of the Standing Committee of the Trustees of the British Museum in the morning. In the afternoon the Prince, Prince George of Wales, and the Duc d'Aumale witnessed the performance of "Léna"; and in the evening the Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg were at the Italian Opera, Covent-Garden. On Sunday morning, the 14th, the Prince and Princess, Prince George, and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud were present at Divine service. His Royal Highness lunched with the Earl and Countess of Rosslyn at Mill-hill Park, Gunnersbury. The Prince and Princess, accompanied by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, and the Earl of Fife, were present at the Jubilee Fête and Floral Parade of the Royal Botanic Society of London, at the gardens in Regent's Park, on the 15th, when the Princess of Wales presented the awards to the prize-winners. On the 16th, the Duke of Devonshire was honoured by the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and Princesses Victoria and Maud and Prince George, at a ball at Devonshire House. Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein and their daughter, Princess Victoria, were also present.

Prince George of Wales on the 15th, at the Royal Victoria and Albert Dock, laid the foundation-stone of a new branch of the Seamen's Hospital, and spoke highly of the good work the institution is accomplishing.

English ladies are going to present Princess Louise of Wales with a wedding gift in the form of a diamond necklace. Subscriptions are being collected by the Duchess of Abercorn and a small committee acting with her. Each contributor's share is limited to £10. The ladies of Ireland are also taking steps to make a similar present, and in Scotland a committee with the same object is being organised.

## THE ROYAL WEDDING.

It has been definitely arranged that the Queen and Princess Beatrice will leave Osborne for London on July 26, in order to be present at the marriage of Princess Louise of Wales and the Earl of Fife. The Royal party will travel from Gosport to Victoria Station, and will drive thence to Buckingham Palace, where they will remain for the night.

At the palace considerable preparations are being made for the wedding ceremony, which has been arranged to take place at noon on Saturday, July 27. The selection of Buckingham Palace Chapel for the marriage has necessitated the renovation of the building, which has not been used since the time of the Prince Consort. When the decorations are finished, the floor will be carpeted, and on the marriage day the interior will be adorned with palms, foliage plants, and the choicest flowers from the conservatories of the Royal gardens at Frogmore. The position of the chapel, which is on the opposite side of the palace to that where the Queen's apartments are situated, has compelled the renovation of the state-rooms in its immediate vicinity, which are rarely used.

The Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, members of the Royal family, and principal guests will assemble shortly before twelve o'clock in the lower dining-room, whence the bridal procession will walk through the anteroom and vestibule to the chapel, and return after the ceremonial. The wedding *déjeuner* for the Queen and Royal Princes and Princesses will probably be laid in the State dining-room.

Her Majesty will leave Buckingham Palace the same afternoon for Osborne.

As has already been stated, the honeymoon of Princess Louise and Lord Fife will be spent at East Sheen House, whence the newly married pair will go to Duff House, Banff. Afterwards they will visit Mar Lodge, and probably attend the Braemar gathering in September. There it is expected the Queen will meet her granddaughter for the first time after her marriage.

The Earl of Fife has written a letter declining to allow his Scotch tenantry to make Princess Louise and himself any wedding present. He is touched, he says, with the cordial feelings which prompted a generous offer made on their behalf, but feels that these are not times for tenants to devote their resources to any objects not strictly necessary.

The City Common Council have resolved to expend a sum not exceeding £1000 in the production of a work illustrating from the City's archives the history of London from the earliest times; and a medal in celebration of the seven hundredth anniversary of the Mayoralty of the City is to be struck.

## THE SHAH OF PERSIA.

His Majesty Nasr-ed-din, Shah of Persia, leaving Hatfield on Monday evening, July 8, after the garden party which was given in his honour by the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury, and there taking leave of the Prince and Princess of Wales, went with Prince Albert Victor of Wales to Ashridge House, near Berkhamsted, Hertfordshire, the seat of Earl Brownlow. In driving through the park he was greeted with cheers by a large assembly of the tenantry and neighbouring gentry, and saw the fine herd of red-deer. A company of the 2nd Herts Volunteers formed a guard of honour. The Countess Brownlow received her Royal guests, who had been met by Earl Brownlow at the Berkhamsted railway station. The Duke and Duchess of Abercorn, the Marquis and Marchioness of Dufferin, the Duke and Duchess of Leinster, the Marquis and Marchioness of Bath, the Persian Minister, Prince Malcom Khan, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, and Sir Henry Rawlinson were among the guests at dinner, and at an evening party. Next day his Majesty drove over the park with Lord Brownlow, and planted a tree on the lawn in front of the house. At one o'clock he left Ashridge in a carriage and four, driving to Halton, near Tring, where he lunched with Mr. Alfred de Rothschild; he then went on to Aylesbury, and entered that town with an escort of the Bucks Yeomanry. The streets were gaily decorated, and were kept by the volunteers. An address of welcome from the Mayor and Corporation was presented to the Shah, by Major Howard, in front of the County Hall. His Majesty went to dine and stay the night with Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, at Waddesdon Manor, the company there including Prince Albert Victor and Prince George of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, the French, Austrian, and Persian Ambassadors, the Duke of Buccleuch, the Duke of Abercorn, Earl De Grey, Lord Wolsley, Lord Northbrook, Lord Rothschild, and other noblemen and gentlemen.

On Wednesday, July 10, the Shah set forth on his tour through the midland and northern counties of England, first visiting Lord Windsor, at Hewell Grange, Bromsgrove, in Worcestershire, not far from Birmingham. His Majesty, accompanied by Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, British Minister to the Persian Court, visited that city in the afternoon of the next day. He was received by Lord Leigh, Lord Lieutenant of Warwickshire, General Goodenough, and Alderman Barrow, Mayor of Birmingham, with the ex-Mayor, Alderman Pollock, and the Town Clerk, Mr. E. O. Smith. Escorted by a detachment of the 9th Lancers, his Majesty was conducted to the well-known electroplate and metalwork factory of Messrs. Elkington, where he inspected the articles in the show-rooms, witnessed some of the processes of working, and inscribed his name in the visitors' book. He then went to the Municipal Buildings or Council-House, and was received in state by the Mayor and Corporation, the Town Clerk reading to him their address of welcome, to which the Shah, through his Persian interpreter, made a suitable reply. The Mayor entertained his Majesty with a sumptuous luncheon in the banqueting-room, which was adorned with ferns and flowers. The Shah afterwards visited Messrs. Osler's glass-factory, where he saw much to admire, and that of the Birmingham Small Arms Company, before returning to Bromsgrove.

On Friday afternoon, July 12, the Shah arrived at Sheffield by the Midland Railway, to be the guest of the Duke of Norfolk at his mansion called The Farm, adjacent to that town. His Grace, with Lord Edward Talbot, the Mayor of Sheffield (Alderman Clegg), the Master Cutler (Mr. S. E. Howell), and the Town Clerk; Mr. C. B. Stuart-Wortley, M.P., and other gentlemen, received the Shah at the railway station. There was a guard of honour of the 4th West York Artillery Volunteers. His Majesty, in an open carriage, with an escort of the Yorkshire Dragoons, went first to the Corn Exchange, where an address from the Corporation, written in Persian, was presented to him. The Shah was afterwards taken to the Atlas Works, Brightside, the great foundry and engineering factory of Messrs. John Brown and Co. (Limited), and was received by Mr. J. D. Ellis, Chairman of the Board of Directors. He was shown the works, including the process of manufacturing Bessemer steel, the rolling of steel plates, and the operation of shaping and pressing a screw-propeller shaft for a steam-ship. On Saturday his Majesty was entertained by the Mayor and Corporation of Sheffield with a luncheon at the Cutlers' Hall. He had also visited that morning the cutlery establishment of Messrs. Joseph Rodgers and Sons (Limited), where he inspected the show-rooms and the ivory-room, under the guidance of Mr. R. Newbold, the chairman and managing director; and the establishment of Messrs. James Dixon and Sons, for silver and plated ware. Among the Mayor's guests at the luncheon were the Duke of Norfolk, the Lord Mayor of York, the Mayors of Bradford and Huddersfield, General Sir J. McNeill, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, and Major-General Stephenson. The Shah was at a reception party given by the Master Cutler and Mrs. Howell on Friday evening.

Liverpool was the next city visited by the Shah, who arrived there from Sheffield soon after five o'clock on Saturday. He was met at the Central Station by the Mayor of Liverpool (Mr. Cookson) and the Earl of Sefton, Lord Lieutenant of Lancashire. The 4th Volunteer Battalion of the King's (Liverpool) Regiment formed a guard of honour. His Majesty was conducted to Newsham House, the mansion near Edge Hill, belonging to the Liverpool Corporation, where the Queen resided at the time of the Liverpool Exhibition. An hour or two later he went to dine with the Mayor at the Townhall.

On Sunday, July 14, the Shah went to Eaton Hall, near Chester, the seat of the Duke of Westminster, took luncheon with his Grace, and saw the state-rooms, the gardens, and stables, with the Duke's horses, including the celebrated Ormonde and Bend Or. There was a garden party in the afternoon. The Shah returned to Liverpool, where he next day viewed the docks and the Cunard steam-ship Umbria, received an address from the Corporation, and lunched at the Townhall. His Majesty in the evening of that day (Monday) went to Manchester, and was entertained by the Mayor (Alderman Batty), with the assistance of Sir John Harwood and other members of the municipality, in an equally handsome style.

Admirers of Alpine scenery are offered a peculiar treasure in the grand portfolio of photographic views of the Pennine range, from the Simplon to the Great St. Bernard, edited by Messrs. Oscar Eckenstein and August Lorria, and published by them at 62, Basinghall-street, City. This publication is dedicated to the memory of the late Mr. W. F. Donkin, who contributed valuable assistance to the work; the other photographers being Mrs. Main, and Messrs. J. Beck, Howard Barrett, J. Eccles, P. Gussfeldt, V. Sella, Kurz, and Imfeld. The views, reproduced as heliotypes and printed in absolutely permanent ink, number one hundred, arranged in accordance with their geographical position from east to west, and including the subsidiary ranges. The brief descriptive notes are very exact, rendering these views an instructive topographical study, besides the delight afforded by scenes of the utmost sublimity and beauty.

## SIR JACOB WILSON.

Her Majesty the Queen has conferred the honour of Knighthood on this gentleman, as a token of her gratification with his services as Honorary Director of the Royal Agricultural Society's grand show in Windsor Park, of which the Queen was President, and in recognition of his services to agriculture generally. He was born at Crackenthorpe Hall, Westmoreland, on Nov. 16, 1836. After an education received at Long Martin, near Appleby, and afterwards at Albany House, London, he went to the Royal Agricultural College at Cirencester, where he distinguished himself by taking honours in every scientific subject connected with agriculture, as well as by obtaining its diploma in 1855. Subsequently he proceeded to Edinburgh, and obtained the first diploma ever granted by the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland, being the only successful candidate of his year.

Being one of a family devoted for generations to agricultural pursuits, he early began to identify himself with farming matters by assisting his father in his business of a farmer and land agent in the North of England, and chiefly in the county of Northumberland. He was one of the early promoters of steam cultivation and of reaping by machinery, and, so early as 1857, wrote an elaborate report upon the latter subject, for which he was awarded the prize of the Highland Agricultural Society. His services are frequently demanded as a judge at agricultural shows in this and other countries, and for several years past he has occupied an active and important position in the agricultural world. Besides having been a member of Council of the Royal Agricultural Society of England (elected in 1865), he has for the past twelve years filled the responsible position of honorary director, formerly held by Sir Brandreth Gibbs. He is also a member of the Royal Commission on Horsebreeding, as well as a member of Council of the Shorthorn Society, the Smithfield Club, the Hunters' Improvement, and various other agricultural societies; while he has recently been elected a Governor of the Royal Veterinary College, and is a Fellow of the Surveyors' Institution.

The name of Mr. Jacob Wilson has for many years been identified with legislation connected with agricultural matters.



SIR JACOB WILSON.

HON. DIRECTOR OF THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SHOW.

He was one of the most active promoters of legislation for the object of getting rid of and preventing the reintroduction of cattle disease into this country, in recognition of which he received the thanks and a presentation of plate along with 3000 guineas from his brother agriculturists. He served for three years on the Royal Commission on Agricultural Depression, under the Duke of Richmond as chairman; he gave valuable assistance in passing the Agricultural Holdings Acts; and last year presided over a Departmental Committee on Pleuro-Pneumonia and Tuberculosis.

The above statement indicates a life of great activity in the cause of agriculture; and the honour recently conferred upon him by her Majesty will be regarded not only as a recognition of the recent successful Show under his administration at Windsor, but also as a compliment to the agricultural interest at large.

Sir Jacob Wilson married Margaret, the youngest daughter of Thomas Hedley, Esq., of Coxlodge Hall, Northumberland, by whom he has two sons and two daughters.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. W. and D. Downey, of Ebury-street.

Mr. Wilkie Collins's troops of friends will be much relieved to learn from the bulletin published on the morning of July 17 that there is a steady improvement in his condition; and it may be hoped that there will speedily be an end to all anxiety.

On the recommendation of the Secretary for Scotland the Queen appointed the Rev. Henry Cowan, D.D., Minister of New Greyfriars, Edinburgh, to be Professor of Divinity and Church History in the University of Aberdeen, in the room of the late Professor Christie.

Mr. Charles Edwin Vaughan, of Balliol College, Oxford, a nephew of Dean Vaughan, has been elected Professor of English Language and Literature at the University College of South Wales, in succession to Professor Ker, now of University College, London.

July 16, the 107th day of the Special Commission, brought with it the announcement of a step on the part of Mr. Parnell and his companions in the inquiry which must be considered a somewhat grave one to take. Mr. Parnell and his friends have withdrawn their counsel from the case. Sir Charles Russell, Q.C., announced that, in consequence of definite instructions from their client, Mr. Parnell, he and his junior, Mr. Asquith, had retired from the case. Mr. Reid, Q.C., and Mr. Lockwood, Q.C., also withdrew. The President, while regretting that he and his colleagues were no longer to have the assistance of counsel, pointed out that the several parties still remained subject to the jurisdiction of the Court.

## OBITUARY.

THE COUNTESS OF POMFRET.

Amabel Elizabeth, Dowager Countess of Pomfret, died on July 12, at her residence, Chaldon, near Bournemouth. Her Ladyship was born in 1802, and was the eldest daughter of Sir Richard Brough, first Baronet of Basildon, by Anna Maria, his wife, the eldest daughter of Gerard, first Viscount Lake. She was twice married: first, Jan. 13, 1823, to Thomas William, fourth Earl of Pomfret, who died June 29, 1833, leaving, with other issue, an elder son, George William Richard, fifth Earl (who died unmarried June 8, 1867, when the Earldom of Pomfret became extinct); and secondly, in May, 1834, to the Rev. William Thorpe, D.D., who died in 1865.

HON. AND REV. J. T. BOSCAWEN.

The Hon. and Rev. John Townshend Boscawen, M.A., Rector of Lamoran, Cornwall, whose death is announced, was born Oct. 30, 1820, the second son of the Hon. and Rev. John Evelyn Boscawen, Canon of Canterbury, by Catherine Elizabeth, his wife, daughter of Mr. Arthur Annesley, of Bletchington Park, Oxfordshire, and was brother of Evelyn, present Viscount Falmouth. Mr. Boscawen was one of the most eminent botanists of his time, and established a high reputation for landscape gardening. He married, Feb. 13, 1851, Mary, daughter of Mr. John Hearle Tremayne, of Heligan, Cornwall, and had several sons and daughters.

MR. ALDERMAN WINSTANLEY.

Mr. Alderman James Winstanley, Lord Mayor elect of the city of Dublin, died, at his residence, Dromartin House, Dundrum, on July 11, aged sixty-two. He was an Englishman by birth, but for more than thirty years held a leading position among the citizens of Dublin, having won success by commercial enterprise and honourable character. It was only a few months since that he was chosen to fill next year's civic chair of Dublin. He had already been High Sheriff, and was connected with several public companies.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. Franz Thimm, author and publisher, known as a Shakspearean bibliographer, on July 6.

Mr. Charles Elam, M.D., F.R.C.P., the eminent physician, at his residence in Harley-street, London.

Sir James Allanson Picton, of Sandysknowe, Wavertree, near Liverpool, rather suddenly, on July 15, aged eighty-three. Sir James was prominently identified with local affairs for the past half-century. His services on the Library, Museum, and Arts Committees of the City Council were recognised nine years ago, when his name was given to the Picton Reading-room, which adjoins the William Brown Museum and the Walker Art Gallery.

Lady Mary Windsor Clive, mother of Lord Windsor, at Oakley Park, Ludlow, on July 12, after a long illness. She was the fifth daughter of George, second Earl of Bradford, and was born in November, 1829. The late Lady Mary married, in October, 1852, the Hon. Robert Windsor Clive, eldest son of Harriet, late Baroness Windsor, by the Hon. Robert Henry Clive, but became a widow in 1859. She leaves an only son, the present Lord Windsor, and three daughters.

The choir of Peterborough Cathedral, which has been closed for six years, was reopened on July 11 after restoration, having been temporarily fitted up so that service, which has been held in the nave since 1883, might be conducted in it.

By command of the Shah of Persia, Mr. Walery (Count Ostrorog), photographer to the Queen, has had the honour of attending at Buckingham Palace to photograph his Majesty and suite.

Contracts have been sealed between the London Corporation and Messrs. Arrol and Biggart for the construction of the iron and steel work of the superstructure of the Tower Bridge for £337,113, and between Mr. H. H. Bartlett and the Corporation for the construction of the masonry, brickwork, and carpentry of the superstructure of the same bridge for £149,122. The original estimate for the first-mentioned works was £250,000.

A special performance was given on July 15, for the entertainment of the patients of the Brompton Hospital, by Princess Christian, Lady Feodorowna Sturt, the Hon. Winifred Sturt, Miss Mary Liddell, and Miss Angela Maxwell, with the Ladies' Guitar and Mandolin Band, composed as follows: Lady Dorothy Stewart Murray, Lady Emily Cadogan, Lady Sophie Cadogan, Lady Edith Ward, the Hon. Isabel Mills, Lady Forbes of Newe, Miss Mabel Forbes, and Miss Violet Mordaunt. The programme included a pianoforte solo by Princess Christian, and a duet, in which she was joined by Miss Mary Liddell. Lady Feodorowna Sturt sang "Daddy" and "Last Night." The Hon. Winifred Sturt was heartily applauded for her violin solos; but the guitar and mandolin band seemed to please most. The Hon. A. Yorke gave two recitations, pleasantly diversifying the entertainment, which was concluded by a verse of "God Save the Queen," in which the audience joined with heart and voice.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK,  
JULY 20, 1889.

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THE SHAH AT EARL BROWNLOW'S.

PLANTING A TREE ON THE LAWN.



LUNCHEON WITH THE MAYOR AND CORPORATION OF SHEFFIELD.

THE SHAH OF PERSIA IN ENGLAND.



1. Arrival at the Station.

3. Banquet at the Municipal Council-House.

5. Inspecting Messrs. Osler's Glass Factory: "It's exactly like a diamond."

6. Dipping a Two-Shilling Piece at Messrs. Elkington's.

2. The Shah's Sword-Bearer.

4. Address from the Corporation.

7. Writing his Name in the Visitors' Book.

## THE SILENT MEMBER.

The London Season, to be memorable for the reappearance of the Shah, and for the disappearance of the crinoline from polite society, is fast drawing to a close, and we all unite with Mr. Goschen, our popular Chancellor of the Exchequer, in rejoicing that there will this year be no autumn Session to harass and vex us. The Royal wedding fitly crowns a brilliant season, which has, happily, seen something like a return of prosperity to the Metropolis, rarely so full as it has been this Summer.

The little cloud in the East—occasioned by the incursion of the Soudanese Dervishes into Egypt—has led to the dispatch of troops from England to relieve the "Black Watch" at Malta. But this cloud—a passing one—does not perturb the Prime Minister.

The Marquis of Salisbury and his congenial colleague Lord Cranbrook manifestly hugely relished the amusing episode which tickled the House of Lords on the Eleventh of July. Lord Cranbrook, as Lord President of the Council, had moved the second reading of the new Board of Agriculture Bill in a speech which chiefly eulogised the existing system of administration, and which might, as the Duke of Richmond drily remarked, have been appropriately followed by a motion that the Bill be read again that day six months—i.e., extinguished. His Grace did not stop there. From his vantage place immediately behind Lord Salisbury he adversely criticised the measure, with a trenchancy it was a pleasure to listen to, and made ducks and drakes of the flowery promises held forth by Mr. W. H. Smith in recommending the new Ministry of Agriculture to the Commons. Whilst the Duke of Richmond was thus "roasting" the First Lord of the Treasury, it is no exaggeration to say that Lord Salisbury, Lord Cranbrook, and the Lord Chancellor fairly rolled in their seats, and were convulsed with suppressed laughter. Nevertheless, when the time came the Premier recovered command of his features, and, answering the objections of the noble Duke and of Earl Spencer, justified the creation of a special Minister of Agriculture on the score that the farmers had long demanded such an appointment. So the Bill was read a second time. Lord Knutsford was similarly successful with his Bill to place Western Australia on the same footing as the other Australian Colonies as regards administrative government. The plan of the Secretary for the Colonies was, on the whole, approved; and the House heard with satisfaction the facts cited in proof of the progress made by West Australia, which has now a population of 40,000.

Lord Salisbury, unexhausted by the supreme cares of the Premiership and the Foreign Office, by his tactful leadership of the Upper House, and by his manifold social duties, found time on the Sixteenth of July to visit Beaumont Hall, Mile End-road, and to deliver a characteristically vigorous address to the Conservatives of the Tower Hamlets and the East-End generally. It was a rousing speech, confident in tone, and calculated to have no little influence on the East Marylebone election, rendered necessary by the regrettable resignation of Lord Charles Beresford, who is longing to go to sea again. It may be noted that Lord George Hamilton, the same day, in commending the candidature of Mr. Edmund Boulnois as Lord Charles Beresford's successor in Parliament, said that the Government, whilst inflexibly opposed to Home Rule, had in preparation a large scheme of local self-government for Ireland. The Liberal candidate for East Marylebone, Mr. George Leveson-Gower, the genial and stalwart nephew of Earl Granville, made a favourable impression in the House as assistant "whip" to Mr. Arnold Morley.

The Commons have been more interested in the Committee on Royal Grants than in the somewhat dry business of legislation; and considerable curiosity has been evinced in the figures disclosed as to the actual cost of the Court. So dry have been the proceedings in the Lower House that Mr. Chamberlain, an accomplished amateur comedian himself, has been driven to preside over the farewell dinner given, at the Hôtel Métropole, to Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, prior to their departure for the United States—a function rendered additionally noteworthy by the presence of Mrs. Chamberlain, Lady Russell, and the élite of the theatrical profession.

Mr. Smith, meantime, has been persevering in the Commons with the Ministerial measures, the principal of which, the Scottish Local Self-Government Bill and the Scottish Universities Bill, are being pushed forward. The benevolent attitude adopted by Mr. Gladstone towards the Ministry—possibly a certain golden-wedding event casts its agreeable reflections before it—has been of material assistance to the matter-of-fact Leader of the House. Let it be added that Mr. George Wyndham, the new member for Dover, was escorted to the table by Mr. Balfour and Mr. Akers-Douglas, and took his seat, amid Ministerial cheers.

The Armagh Disaster Relief Fund now amounts to £3500. The Queen's cheque for £50 was received on July 15.

The Right Hon. Leonard Henry Courtney, M.P., and Mr. Edward Parker Wolstenholme have been elected Benchers of the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn.

There was a large gathering in the library of the Medical College of the London Hospital on July 15 to witness the presentation to Sir Andrew Clark of his portrait, and the distribution of prizes to the students and the nursing probationers by the Duke of Cambridge. The portrait, which was subscribed for by the medical staff and other friends of the hospital, was painted by the late Mr. Frank Holl, R.A.

The Marquis of Lothian, Secretary for Scotland, formally opened a national portrait gallery at Edinburgh on July 15, in the presence of a large company, who afterwards walked through the gallery and inspected the interesting collection of portraits and busts. It was stated that the donor of the buildings was Mr. John Ritchie Findlay, of the *Scotsman* newspaper, and that he had spent upon them £50,000. Mr. Findlay, who was present, was loudly cheered for his generosity.

The People's Palace attracted a numerous and representative East-End gathering on July 15. The occasion of the reunion was the third annual show of the ponies and donkeys acknowledging the sway of costermongers and other street dealers, and the appearance they presented was very creditable. Upwards of seventy ponies and 100 donkeys, sporting many-hued ribbons and gala coverings, entered the lists. At eight o'clock a concert was given, conducted by the Lotus Glee Union, hailing from Boston, United States. The programme was repeated next day, when the Countess of Aberdeen distributed the prizes and certificates to the successful owners.

## HITTITE SEALS PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN.

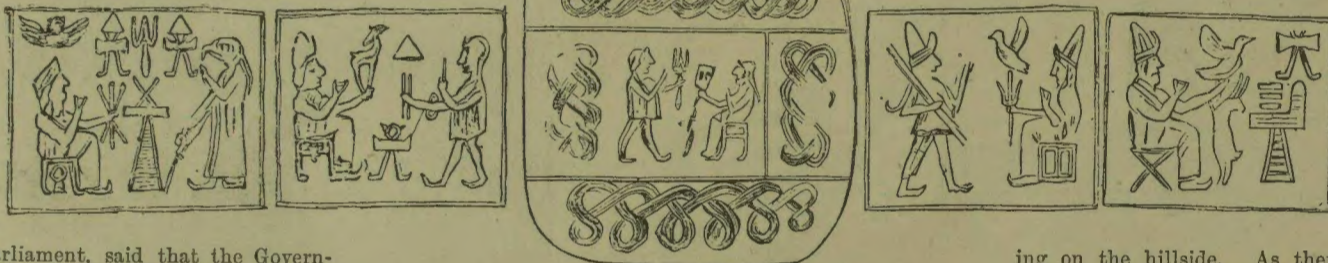
The Rev. Dr. Samuel Kinns, F.R.A.S., author of "Moses and Geology," and Vicar of Holy Trinity, Minorities, recently presented the Queen with some impressions of Hittite seals, for which her Majesty has sent him her special thanks. The impressions of these seals were taken for Dr. Kinns, and mounted in a morocco case lined with purple velvet, by Mr. Augustus P. Ready, of the British Museum. Our illustrations repre-



THE TARKUTIMME SEAL (SILVER).

sent, on an enlarged scale, the designs of the seals, of which Dr. Kinns has furnished the following description:—

The "Tarkutimme Seal," at the top of the case, is of great value, as it contains a bilingual inscription, the characters round the border being in the Assyrian language and in cuneiform script; the other inscription, in the centre, surrounding the King, is in Hittite hieroglyphics. The words in cuneiform character are—"Tarkutimme sâr mât Erme," or "Tarkutimme, King of the country of Erme." The Hittite hieroglyphics doubtless say the same thing, and this seal may prove to be a starting-point in their decipherment, as the Rosetta stone was that of the Egyptian hieroglyphics. We have in the British Museum a silver electrotpe copy of the original of this seal or silver boss, which was found at Smyrna some thirty years ago. A consultation was held in the British Museum as to its genuineness by the following gentlemen: Mr. Peter Le Page Renouf, the chief of the Oriental Department; Mr. Barclay V. Head, of the Ancient-Coin Department; Mr. Robert Ready, of the Department of Antiquities; and



THE TARSUS SEAL (FIVE SIDES OF A CUBE), ENGRAVED WITH SYMBOLS OF THE TRINITY.

Rev. Dr. Samuel Kinns, when it was unanimously decided that it would have been utterly impossible to forge the cuneiform legend thirty years ago, at which time that writing was only known to such eminent scholars as Sir Henry Rawlinson, Dr. Oppert, and a few others. Some doubts having been expressed whether an inscription on silver would have remained so sharp after the lapse of so many centuries, Mr. Barclay Head produced a beautiful Syracusan silver coin struck about 405 B.C., or nearly 2300 years since, as sharp in all its details as this seal, which is supposed to have been engraved about 2700 years ago. The genuineness of this seal may therefore be considered certain.

The five impressions in the centre of the case are from what is called the "Tarsus Seal," which was brought to this country a short time since by the Rev. Greville J. Chester, who found it near Tarsus. It is composed of hematite stone, in the form of a cube, five sides being engraved with figures,



THE YUZGAT SEAL (ROYAL STAG-HUNTING).

and the sixth used as a sort of handle. All the figures on the five faces appear to have for their object the adoration of symbols of the Trinity, from which it would seem that the doctrine of the Holy Trinity was very early imparted to mankind and afterwards perverted to idolatrous worship, of which the Egyptian Osiris, Isis, and Horus are a remarkable instance. The first impression to the left shows no less than six such symbols. At the top there is a trident between two equilateral triangles; the seated figure is holding in one hand three rods in such a manner as to form two opposite tridents; and between two fingers of the other hand he is holding a small rod, thus forming a triangle. In the second impression the sitting figure is making the same form with two fingers, and the goat seems to be introduced as forming by its position a triangle with its legs. A triangle is at the top, and the standing figure is holding three rods. The central impression, which is taken from the face opposite the handle, has only one such symbol in

the trident held by the standing figure. In the fourth impression the sitting figure is forming the triangle as before with his right hand; whereas in the fifth he is doing so with his left hand, and is holding a trident in his right. Speaking of this seal Professor Sayce says that it is of "a unique and splendid character; nothing like it has ever before been brought to the notice of European scholars."

The design shown in the lower part of the case is that of the one called the "Yuzgat Seal," because it was found near the place so named in Asia Minor. It was placed in the British Museum in October, 1886. It is evidently a specimen of picture-writing, relating to the hunting of a stag; the tree signifying the wood where the hunt took place, the javelins the weapons, and the basket the receptacle for the animal. The head of the stag with the hands pointing towards the King would show that it was about to be presented to him. The repetition of the head indicates, perhaps, that it was accepted, whilst the veiled figure and the man on one knee would seem to be offering the present. The winged sun-disk and the two figures with bulls' heads are religious emblems, probably indicating the worship of the sun and moon, for the latter luminary was occasionally represented in this form and of the male gender, perhaps because of the moon being sometimes in the form of a crescent. In this seal the equilateral triangle is repeated twelve times. The material is also hematite.

The enlarged copies of the seals were kindly furnished to Dr. Kinns by Mr. Thomas Tyler, who used them for his article in *Nature*, published in April, 1888.

We may observe here that Dr. Kinns is giving a series of lectures to the clergy of London and their friends, in the Egyptian and Assyrian Galleries, in order to explain the archaeological treasures collected there in the light of Bible history.

## BEAR-SHOOTING IN KASHMIR.

Captain B. R. James, of the East Surrey Regiment, gives the following account of this sport:—

"One summer I went up for some shooting in Kashmir. Everyone I met told me I should find bear-shooting poor sport, but never having seen a bear out of a cage, except one being dragged round cantonments on a chain and made to dance, I thought I would anyhow have a shot at one or two of them. I set to work first in the Kajrag range, north of the Jhelum River, and parallel to it. For a week or two I saw no bears, though the shikarri, whenever he went out alone, always saw several, or said he did. At last, one morning at breakfast, a coolie rushed in and said a brown bear was coming up the hillside straight towards me. I ran out, but whether it was that my mouth was full of chupatty, the cake my cook used to make, or that I was out of breath, I cannot say, but I missed him clean, at about 100 yards, and saw him go over the hilltop. After this I saw three or four, but only bagged one. I found common 500-bore express bullets no good for bears; they simply broke up and made a large flesh wound in the bear, but did not stop him. Afterwards, when I began using Meade's shells, uncharged, from a 12-bore gun, I killed five bears, one after another, without losing one.

"One or two adventures with bears remain firmly fixed in my memory. One evening I saw three bears—father, mother, and cub—feeding on the hillside. As they were feeding towards me, I waited for them. Such a comical sight I never watched. The cub would be eating a tasty piece of wild rhubarb, when the father would come up, knock him over, and eat it himself. At last they were within sixty or seventy yards. I fired at the father, and over he rolled; then at the mother, but she made off, with the cub, up hill. Looking at the bear, which had rolled over, I saw him, half rolling, half running down the hill, so I fired at him again, but he went on. It was too late and too dark to go after him, so I determined to look for him next morning. Early next day we went after him, but no bear was to be seen. The shikarri thought he had gone to some rocky ground near; so, going below, I sent him up to throw stones and look about. Presently I heard yells, and saw the bear chasing the shikarri, who was barely twenty yards ahead. Luckily, the bear had a broken leg, and as he was crossing an open place I fired at him. He came down towards me, rolling and shuffling along till, when he was about thirty yards off, I fired again, and missed him clean. I shall never forget his angry, green-looking eyes, as he came on; but, luckily, when he was quite close, I got a bullet into his mouth, and he rolled on past me, dead. Another day, some villagers came in, with news that a shepherd had seen a bear asleep in a thorn jungle. I went out, and we made a sort of line to beat it. Several villagers had old guns of different sorts loaded up to the muzzles, and I soon found the danger was from them—they beat about with their guns, utterly careless where they were pointing them, and I was heartily glad to get out safe at the other side. We saw the bear at the start, but he never showed up again. At the same village I was able to get positive proof that the Kashmir brown bear will at times eat flesh. Some villagers brought into camp a dead sheep mauled about and partly eaten. I got them to take me to where they had found it; and when we got there I saw the bear, which had returned, and was snuffing about the very spot where the sheep had been. I bagged her just as she was making off—an old female bear with a wretched coat."

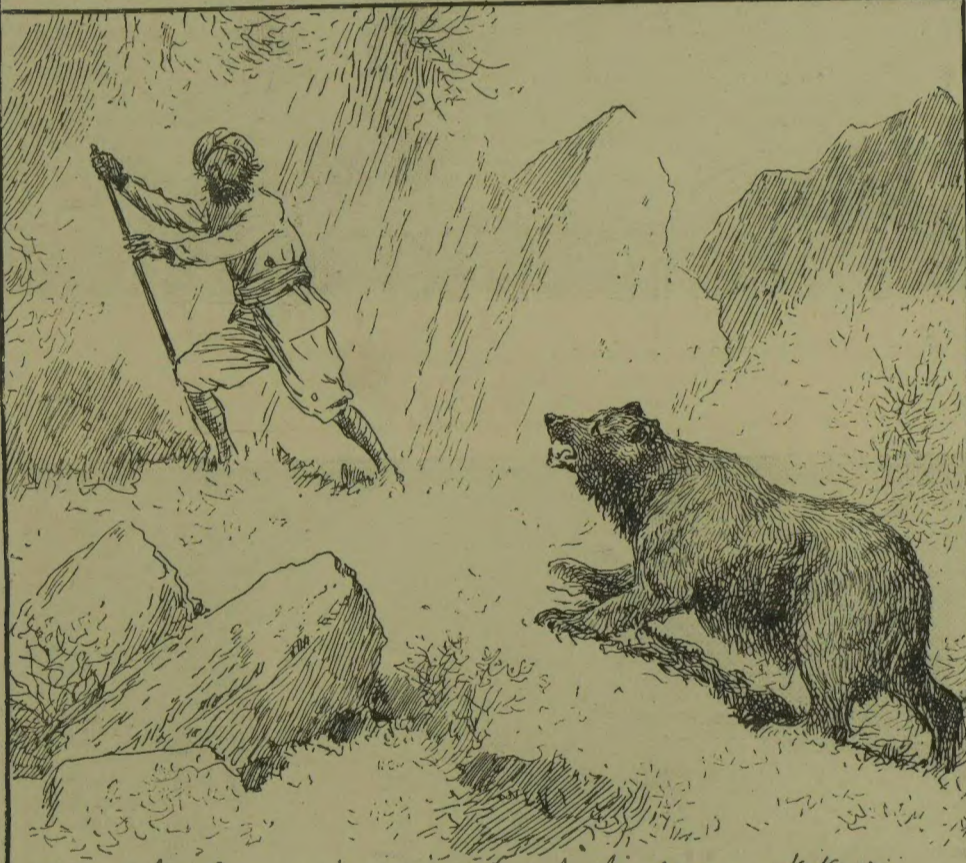
A handsome stained-glass window representing the Ascension of Our Lord has been placed in Lindfield Church, Hayward's Heath, as a memorial to the late Vicar, the Rev. T. H. Edwards. The work was designed and executed by Messrs. Warrington and Co., of Fitzroy-square.

M. Waddington, the French Ambassador here, presided on July 14 at a dinner at the Café Royal to celebrate the centenary of the taking of the Bastille.—General Boulanger's adherents celebrated the same event at the Alexandra Palace on the previous evening. The General himself was present.

The annual exhibition of the Suffolk Agricultural Society was held at Lowestoft on July 11. The weather was splendid, and the attendance large. The Suffolk agricultural horse classes were, as usual, a special feature of the show. Two of the principal prizes for hunters were won by the Hon. S. Tollemache and Mr. G. Young, of Roxwall, Essex. Cornet, shown by Mr. J. Christy, of Writtle, Chelmsford, took a special prize offered for the best hunter in the yard. Mr. W. A. Tyssen Amherst, M.P., the Duke of Hamilton, and Mr. J. J. Colman, M.P., took prizes in the Norfolk and Suffolk red-polled cattle classes. Mr. T. Chalk, of Linton, was a large prize-winner in short-horns, and the Duke of Hamilton carried off most of the first prizes in the Southdown sheep classes. Mr. J. Colman, M.P., achieved some distinction in Channel Island cattle.



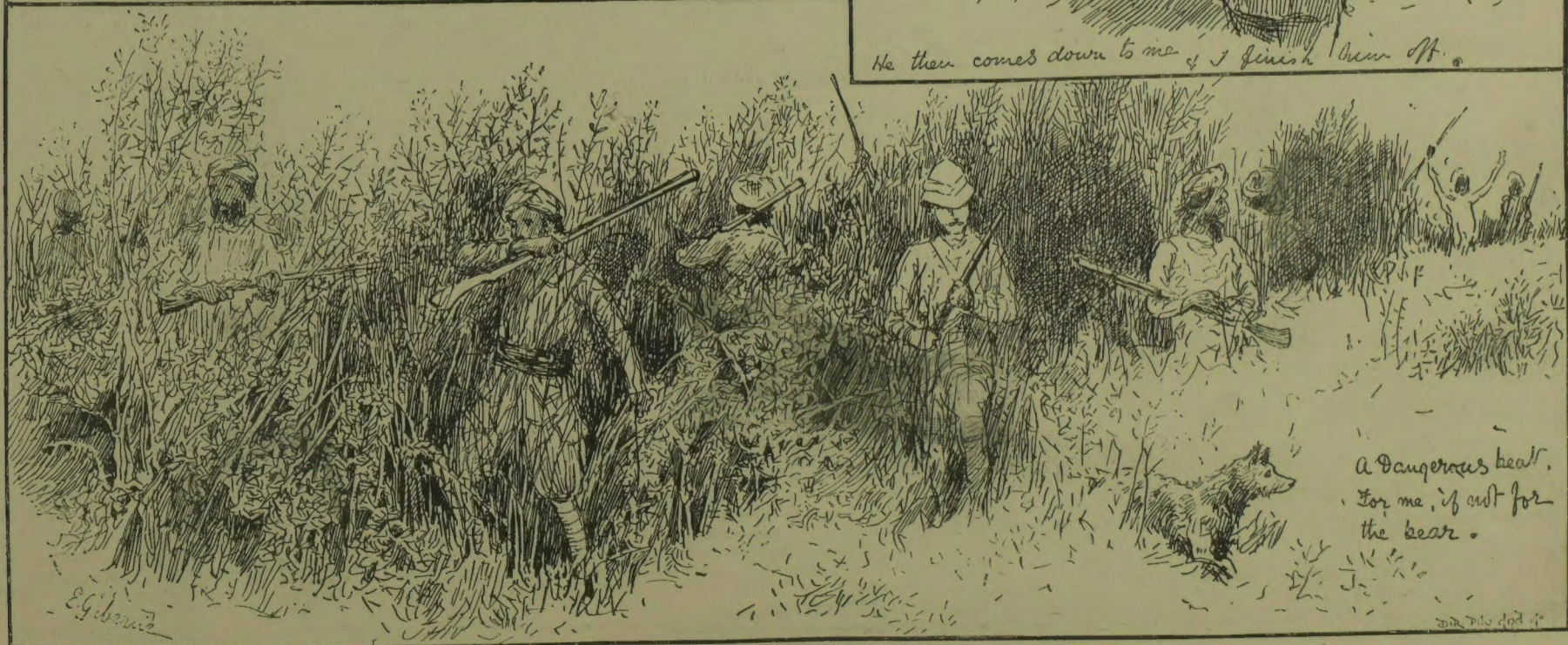
*I went out for a bear & wound one.*



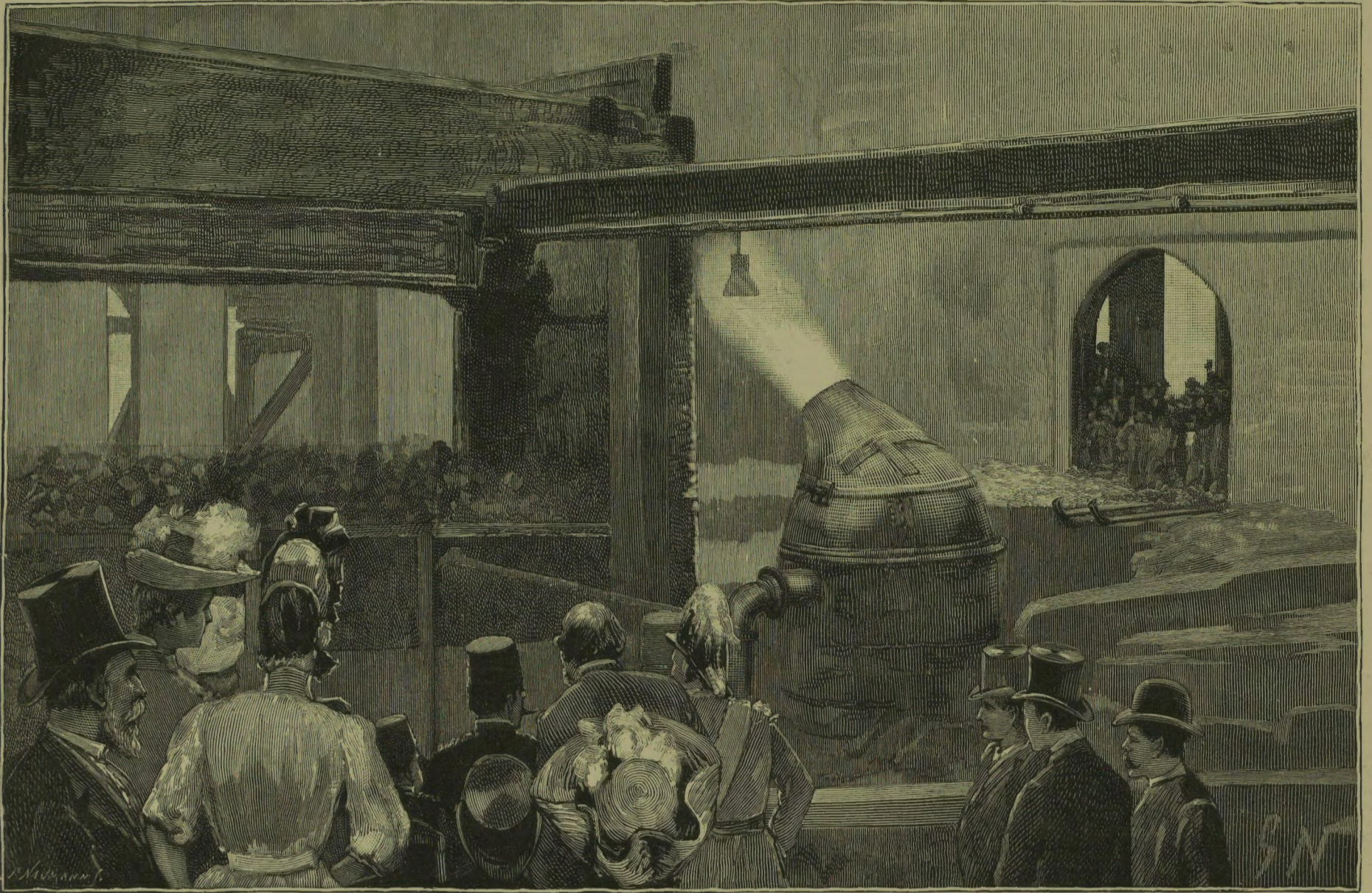
*We look for him next morning and he finds my shikari.*



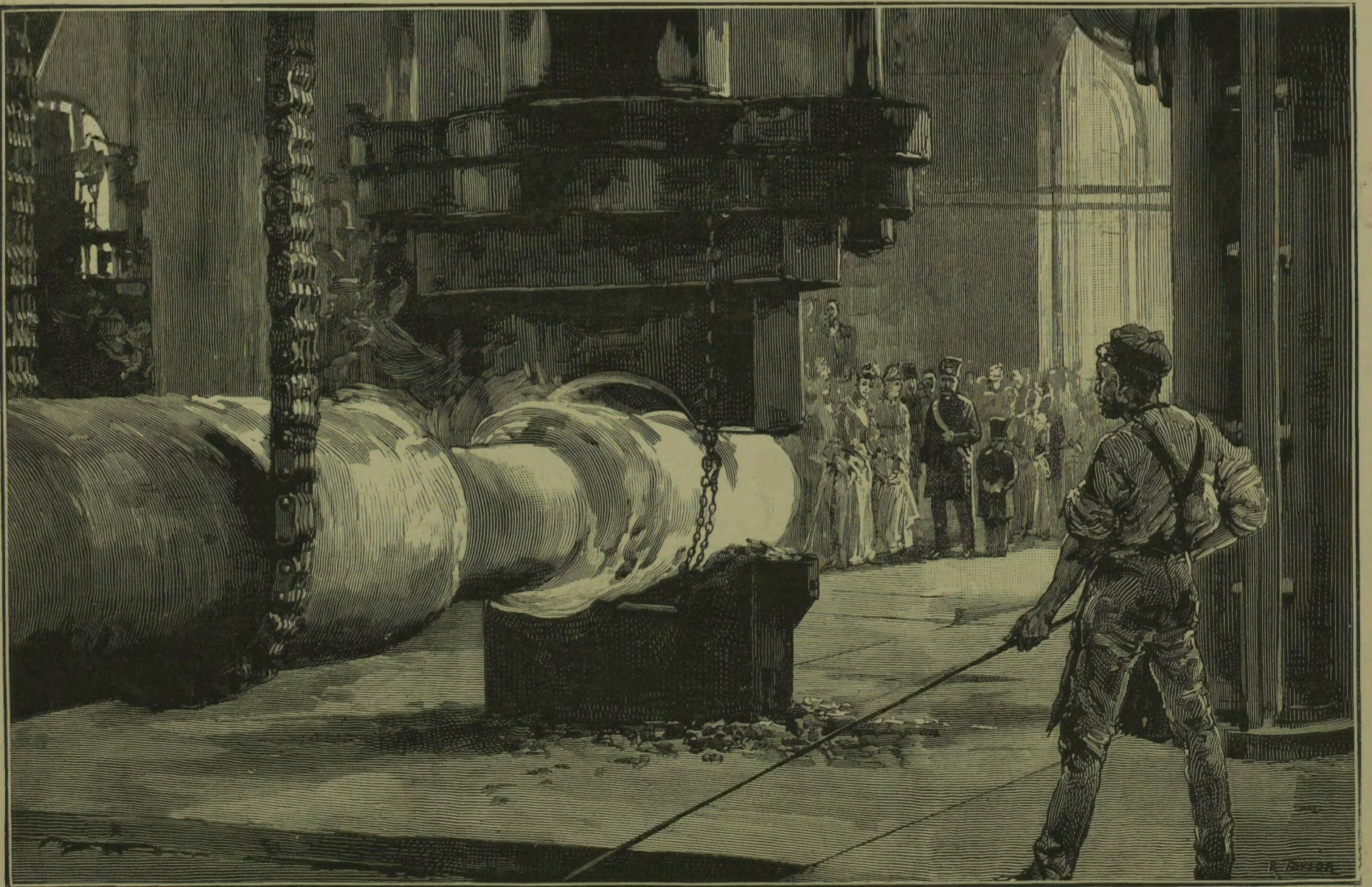
*He then comes down to me & I finish him off.*



*A dangerous bear, for me, if not for the bear.*



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## BLIND LOVE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

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THE PROLOGUE.—(Concluded.)

X.

THERE was the Irish lord—at the very time when Iris was most patiently resigned never to see him more, never to think of him as her husband again—reminding her of the first days of their love, and of their mutual confession of it! Fear of herself kept her behind the curtain; while interest in Lord Harry detained her at the window in hiding.

"All well at Rathco?" he asked—mentioning the name of the house in which Arthur was one of the guests.

"Yes, my lord. Mr. Mountjoy leaves us to-morrow."

"Does he mean to return to the farm?"

"Sorry I am to say it; he does mean that."

"Has he fixed any time, Miles, for starting on his journey?"

Miles instituted a search through his pockets, and accompanied it by an explanation. Yes, indeed, Master Arthur had fixed a time; he had

written a note to say so to Mistress Lewson the housekeeper; he had said, "Drop the note at the farm, on your way to the village." And what might Miles want at the village, in the dark? Medicine, in a hurry, for one of his master's horses that was sick and sinking. And, speaking of that, here, thank God, was the note!

Iris, listening and watching alternately, saw to her surprise the note intended for Mrs. Lewson handed to Lord Harry. "Am I expected," he asked jocosely, "to read writing without a light?" Miles produced a small lantern which was strapped to his groom's belt. "There's parts of the road not over safe in the dark," he said as he raised the shade which guarded the light. The wild lord coolly opened the letter, and read the few careless words which it contained. "To Mrs. Lewson:—Dear old girl, expect me back to-morrow to dinner at three o'clock. Yours, ARTHUR."

There was a pause.

"Are there any strangers at Rathco?" Lord Harry asked.

"Two new men," Miles replied, "at work in the grounds."

There was another pause. "How can I protect him?" the young lord said, partly to himself, partly to Miles. He suspected the two new men—spies probably who knew of Arthur's proposed journey home, and who had already reported to their employers the hour at which he would set out.

Miles ventured to say a word: "I hope you won't be angry with me, my lord."

"Stuff and nonsense! Was I ever angry with you, when I was rich enough to keep a servant, and when you were the man?"

The Irish groom answered in a voice that trembled with strong feeling. "You were the best and kindest master that ever lived on this earth. I can't see you putting your precious life in peril!"

"My precious life?" Lord Harry repeated lightly. "You're thinking of Mr. Mountjoy, when you say that. His life is worth saving. As for my life!"—He ended the sentence by a whistle, as the best way he could hit on of expressing his contempt for his own existence.

"My lord! my lord!" Miles persisted; "the Invincibles are beginning to doubt you. If any of them find you hanging about Mr. Mountjoy's farm, they'll try a shot at you first, and ask afterwards whether it was right to kill you or not."

To hear this said—and said seriously—after the saving of him at the milestone, was a trial of her firmness which Iris was unable to resist. Love got the better of prudence. She drew back the window-curtain. In another moment, she would have added her persuasion to the servant's warning, if Lord Harry himself had not accidentally checked her by a proceeding, on his part, for which she was not prepared.

"Show the light," he said; "I'll write a line to Mr. Mountjoy."

He tore off the blank page from the note to the housekeeper, and wrote to Arthur, entreating him to change the time of his departure from Rathco, and to tell no creature in the house, or out of the house, at what new hour he had arranged to go. "Saddle your horse yourself," the letter concluded. It was written in a feigned hand, without a signature.

"Give that to Mr. Mountjoy," Lord Harry said. "If he asks who wrote it, don't frighten him about me by telling the truth. Lie, Miles! Say you don't know." He next returned the note for Mrs. Lewson. "If she notices that it has been opened," he resumed, "and asks who has done it, lie again. Good-night, Miles—and mind those dangerous places on your road home."

The groom darkened his lantern; and the wild lord was lost to view, round the side of the house.

Left by himself, Miles rapped at the door with the handle of his whip. "A letter from Mr. Arthur," he called out. Mrs. Lewson at once took the note, and examined it by the light of the candle on the hall-table. "Somebody has been reading this!" she exclaimed, stepping out to the groom, and showing him the torn envelope. Miles, promptly obeying his instructions, declared that he knew nothing about it, and rode away.

Iris descended the stairs, and joined Mrs. Lewson in the hall before she had closed the door. The housekeeper at once produced Arthur's letter.

"It's on my mind, Miss," she said, "to write an answer, and say something to Mr. Arthur which will persuade him to take care of himself, on his way back to the farm. The difficulty is, how am I to express it? You would be doing a kind thing if you would give me a word of advice."

Iris willingly complied. A second note, from the anxious housekeeper, might help the effect of the few lines which Lord Harry had written.

Arthur's letter informed Iris that he had arranged to return at three o'clock. Lord Harry's question to the groom, and the man's reply, instantly recurred to her memory: "Are there any strangers at Rathco?"—"Two new men at work in

the grounds." Arriving at the same conclusion which had already occurred to Lord Harry, Iris advised the housekeeper, in writing to Arthur, to entreat him to change the hour, secretly, at which he left his friend's house on the next day. Warmly approving of this idea, Mrs. Lewson hurried into the parlour to write her letter. "Don't go to bed yet, Miss," she said; "I want you to read it before I send it away the first thing to-morrow morning."

Left alone in the hall, with the door open before her, Iris looked out on the night, thinking.

The lives of the two men in whom she was interested—in widely different ways—were now both threatened; and the imminent danger, at that moment, was the danger of Lord Harry. He was an outlaw whose character would not bear investigation; but, to give him his due, there was no risk which he was not ready to confront for Arthur's sake. If he was still recklessly lingering, on the watch for assassins in the dangerous neighbourhood of the farm, who but herself possessed the influence which would prevail on him to leave the place? She had joined Mrs. Lewson at the door with that conviction in her mind. In another instant, she was out of the house, and beginning her search in the dark.

Iris made the round of the building; sometimes feeling her way in obscure places; sometimes calling to Lord Harry cautiously by his name. No living creature appeared; no sound of a movement disturbed the stillness of the night. The discovery of his absence, which she had not dared to hope for, was the cheering discovery which she had now made.

On her way back to the house, she became conscious of the rashness of the act into which her own generous impulse had betrayed her.

If she and Lord Harry had met, could she have denied the tender interest in him which her own conduct would then have revealed? Would he not have been justified in concluding that she had pardoned the errors and the vices of his life, and that he might without impropriety remind her of their engagement, and claim her hand in marriage? She trembled as she thought of the concessions which he might have wrung from her. "Never more," she determined, "shall my own folly be answerable for it, if he and I meet again."

She had returned to Mrs. Lewson, and had read over the letter to Arthur, when the farm clock, striking the hour, reminded them that it was time to retire. They slept badly that night.

At six in the morning, one of the two labourers who had remained faithful to Arthur was sent away on horseback with the housekeeper's reply, and with orders to wait for an answer. Allowing time for giving the horse a rest, the man might be expected to return before noon.

XI.

It was a fine sunny day; Mrs. Lewson's spirits began to improve. "I have always held the belief," the worthy old woman confessed, "that bright weather brings good luck—of course provided the day is not a Friday. This is Wednesday. Cheer up, Miss."

The messenger returned with good news. Mr. Arthur had been as merry as usual. He had made fun of another letter of good advice, received without a signature. "But Mrs. Lewson must have her way," he said. "My love to the old dear—I'll start two hours later, and be back to dinner at five."

"Where did Mr. Arthur give you that message?" Iris inquired.

"At the stables, Miss, while I was putting up the horse. The men about were all on the broad grin when they heard Mr. Arthur's message."

Still in a morbid state of mind, Iris silently regretted that the message had not been written, instead of being delivered by word of mouth. Here, again, she (like the wild lord) had been afraid of listeners.

The hours wore slowly on until it was past four o'clock. Iris could endure the suspense no longer. "It's a lovely afternoon," she said to Mrs. Lewson. "Let us take a walk along the road, and meet Arthur." To this proposal the housekeeper readily agreed.

It was nearly five o'clock when they reached a place at which a bye-road branched off, through a wood, from the highway which they had hitherto followed. Mrs. Lewson found a seat on a felled tree. "We had better not go any farther," she said.

Iris asked if there was any reason for this.

There was an excellent reason. A few yards farther on, the high road had been diverted from the straight line (in the interest of a large agricultural village), and was then directed again into its former course. The bye-road through the wood served as a short cut, for horsemen and pedestrians, from one divergent point to the other. It was next to a certainty that Arthur would return by the short cut. But, if accident or caprice led to his preferring the highway, it was clearly necessary to wait for him within view of both the roads.

Too restless to submit to a state of passive expectation, Iris proposed to follow the bridle-path through the wood for a little way, and to return if she failed to see anything of Arthur. "You are tired," she said kindly to her companion; "pray don't move."

Mrs. Lewson looked needlessly uneasy: "You might lose yourself, Miss. Mind you keep to the path!"

Iris followed the pleasant windings of the woodland track. In the hope of meeting Arthur she considerably extended the length of her walk. The white

line of the high road, as it passed the farther end of the wood, showed itself through the trees. She turned at once to rejoin Mrs. Lewson.

On her way back she made a discovery. A ruin which she had not previously noticed showed itself among the trees on her left hand. Her curiosity was excited; she strayed aside to examine it more closely. The crumbling walls, as she approached them, looked like the remains of an ordinary dwelling-house. Age is essential to the picturesque effect of decay; a modern ruin is an unnatural and depressing object—and here the horrid thing was.

As she turned to retrace her steps to the road, a man walked out of the inner space enclosed by all that was left of the dismantled house. A cry of alarm escaped her. Was she the victim of destiny, or the sport of chance? There was the wild lord whom she had vowed never to see again: the master of her heart—perhaps the master of her fate!

Any other man would have been amazed to see her, and would have asked how it had happened that the English lady presented herself to him in an Irish wood. This man enjoyed the delight of seeing her, and accepted it as a blessing that was not to be questioned. "My angel has dropped from Heaven," he said. "May Heaven be praised!"

He approached her; his arms closed round her. She struggled to free herself from his embrace. At that moment they both heard the crackle of breaking underwood among the trees behind them. Lord Harry looked round. "This is a dangerous place," he whispered; "I'm waiting to see Arthur pass safely. Submit to be kissed, or I am a dead man." His eyes told her that he was truly and fearfully in earnest. Her head sank on his bosom. As he bent down and kissed her, three men approached from their hiding-place among the trees. They had no doubt been watching him, under orders from the murderous brotherhood to which they belonged. Their pistols were ready in their hands—and what discovery had they made? There was the brother who had been denounced as having betrayed them, guilty of no worse treason than meeting his sweetheart in a wood! "We beg your pardon, my lord," they cried with a thoroughly Irish enjoyment of their own discomfort—and burst into a roar of laughter—and left the lovers together. For the second time, Iris had saved Lord Harry at a crisis in his life.

"Let me go!" she pleaded faintly, trembling with superstitious fear for the first time in her experience of herself.

He held her to him as if he would never let her go again. "Oh, my Sweet, give me a last chance. Help me to be a better man! You have only to will it, Iris, and to make me worthy of you."

His arms suddenly trembled round her, and dropped. The silence was broken by a distant sound, like the report of a shot. He looked towards the farther end of the wood. In a minute more, the thump of a horse's hoofs at a gallop was audible, where the bridle-path was hidden among the trees. It came nearer—nearer—the creature burst into view, wild with fright, and carrying an empty saddle. Lord Harry rushed into the path, and seized the horse as it swerved at the sight of him. There was a leather pocket attached to the front of the saddle. "Search it!" he cried to Iris, forcing the terrified animal back on its haunches. She drew out a silver travelling-flask. One glance at the name



She drew out a silver travelling-flask. One glance at the name engraved on it told him the terrible truth.



*They had no doubt been watching him, under orders from the murderous brotherhood to which they belonged. Their pistols were ready in their hands—and what discovery had they made?*

engraved on it told him the terrible truth. His trembling hands lost their hold. The horse escaped; the words burst from his lips:

"Oh, God, they've killed him!"

THE END OF THE PROLOGUE.

## THE STORY. FIRST PERIOD.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE SOUR FRENCH WINE.

While the line to be taken by the new railway between Culm and Everill, was still under discussion the engineer caused some difference of opinion among the moneyed men who were the first Directors of the Company, by asking if they proposed to include among their Stations the little old town of Honey-buzzard.

For years past, commerce had declined, and population had decreased in this ancient and curious place. Painters knew it well, and prized its medieval houses as a mine of valuable material for their art. Persons of cultivated tastes, who were interested in church architecture of the fourteenth century, sometimes pleased and flattered the Rector by

subscribing to his fund for the restoration of the tower, and the removal of the accumulated rubbish of hundreds of years from the crypt. Small speculators, not otherwise in a state of insanity, settled themselves in the town, and tried the desperate experiment of opening a shop; spent their little capital, put up the shutters, and disappeared. The old market-place still showed its list of market-laws, issued by the Mayor and Corporation in the prosperous bygone times; and every week there were fewer and fewer people to obey the laws. The great empty enclosure looked more cheerful, when there was no market held, and when the boys of the town played in the deserted place. In the last warehouse left in a state of repair, the crane was generally idle; the windows were mostly shut up; and a solitary man represented languishing trade, idling at a half-opened door. The muddy river rose and fell with the distant tide. At rare intervals a collier discharged its cargo on the mouldering quay, or an empty barge took in a load of hay. One bold house advertised, in a dirty window, apartments to let. There was a lawyer in the town, who had no occasion to keep a clerk; and there was a doctor who hoped to sell his practice for anything that it would fetch. The directors of the new railway, after a stormy meeting, decided on offering (by means of a Station) a last chance of revival to the dying town. The town had not vitality enough left to be grateful; the railway stimulant produced no effect. Of all his colleagues in Great Britain and Ireland, the station-master at Honey-

buzzard was the idlest man—and this, as he said to the unemployed porter, through no want of energy on his own part.

Late on a rainy autumn afternoon, the slow train left one traveller at the Station. He got out of a first-class carriage; he carried an umbrella and a travelling-bag; and he asked his way to the best inn. The station-master and the porter compared notes. One of them said: "Evidently a gentleman." The other added: "What can he possibly want here?"

The stranger twice lost his way in the tortuous old streets of the town before he reached the inn. On giving his orders, it appeared that he wanted three things: a private room, something to eat, and, while the dinner was being cooked, materials for writing a letter.

Answering her daughter's questions down-stairs, the landlady described her guest as a nice-looking man dressed in deep mourning. "Young, my dear, with beautiful dark brown hair, and a grand beard, and a sweet sorrowful look. Ah, his eyes would tell anybody that his black clothes are not a mere sham. Whether married or single, of course I can't say. But I noticed the name on his travelling bag. A distinguished name, in my opinion—Hugh Mountjoy. I wonder what he'll order to drink when he has his dinner? What a mercy it will be if we can get rid of another bottle of the sour French wine!"

The bell in the private room rang at that moment; and the

landlady's daughter, it is needless to say, took the opportunity of forming her own opinion of Mr. Hugh Mountjoy.

She returned with a letter in her hand, consumed by a vain longing for the advantages of gentle birth. "Ah, mother, if I was a young lady of the higher classes, I know whose wife I should like to be!" Not particularly interested in sentimental aspirations, the landlady asked to see Mr. Mountjoy's letter. The messenger who delivered it was to wait for an answer. It was addressed to: "Miss Henley, care of Clarence Vimpany, Esquire, Honeybuzzard." Urged by an excited imagination, the daughter longed to see Miss Henley. The mother was at a loss to understand why Mr. Mountjoy should have troubled himself to write the letter at all. "If he knows the young lady who is staying at the doctor's house," she said, "why doesn't he call on Miss Henley?" She handed the letter back to her daughter. "There! let the ostler take it; he's got nothing to do."

"No, mother. The ostler's dirty hands mustn't touch it—I'll take the letter myself. Perhaps I may see Miss Henley." Such was the impression which Mr. Hugh Mountjoy had innocently produced on a sensitive young person, condemned by destiny to the barren sphere of action afforded by a country inn.

The landlady herself took the dinner upstairs—a first course of mutton chops and potatoes; cooked to a degree of imperfection only attained in an English kitchen. The sour French wine was still on the good woman's mind. "What would you choose to drink, sir?" she asked. Mr. Mountjoy seemed to feel no interest in what he might have to drink. "We have some French wine, sir." "Thank you, ma'am, that will do."

When the bell rang again, and the time came to produce the second course of cheese and celery, the landlady allowed the waiter to take her place. Her experience of the farmers who frequented the inn, and who had in some few cases been induced to taste the wine, warned her to anticipate an outbreak of just anger from Mr. Mountjoy. He, like the others, would probably ask what she "meant by poisoning him with such stuff as that." On the return of the waiter, she put the question: "Did the gentleman complain of the French wine?"

"He wants to see you about it, ma'am."

The landlady turned pale. The expression of Mr. Mountjoy's indignation was evidently reserved for the mistress of the house. "Did he swear," she asked, "when he tasted it?"

"Lord bless you, ma'am, no! Drank it out of a tumbler, and—if you will believe me—actually seemed to like it."

The landlady recovered her colour. Gratitude to Providence for having sent a customer to the inn, who could drink sour wine without discovering it, was the uppermost feeling in her ample bosom as she entered the private room. Mr. Mountjoy justified her anticipations. He was simple enough—with his tumbler before him, and the wine as it were under his nose—to begin with an apology.

"I am sorry to trouble you, ma'am. May I ask where you got this wine?"

"The wine, sir, was one of my late husband's bad debts. It was all he could get from a Frenchman who owed him money."

"It's worth money, ma'am."

"Indeed, sir?"

"Yes, indeed. This is some of the finest and purest claret that I have tasted for many a long day past."

An alarming suspicion disturbed the serenity of the landlady's mind. Was this extraordinary opinion of the wine sincere? Or was it Mr. Mountjoy's wicked design to entrap her into praising her claret, and then to imply that she was a cheat by declaring what he really thought of it? She took refuge in a cautious reply:

"You are the first gentleman, sir, who has not found fault with it."

"In that case, perhaps you would like to get rid of the wine?" Mr. Mountjoy suggested.

The landlady was still cautious. "Who will buy it of me, sir?"

"I will. How much do you charge for it by the bottle?"

It was, by this time, clear that he was not mischievous—only a little crazy. The worldly-wise hostess took advantage of that circumstance to double the price. Without hesitation, she said: "Five shillings a bottle, sir."

Often, too often, the irony of circumstances brings together, on this earthly scene, the opposite types of vice and virtue. A lying landlady and a guest incapable of deceit were looking at each other across a narrow table, equally unconscious of the immeasurable moral gulf that lay between them. Influenced by honourable feeling, innocent Hugh Mountjoy lashed the landlady's greed for money to the full gallop of human cupidity.

"I don't think you are aware of the value of your wine," he said. "I have claret in my cellar which is not so good as this, and which costs more than you have asked. It is only fair to offer you seven-and-sixpence a bottle."

When an eccentric traveller is asked to pay a price, and deliberately raises that price against himself, where is the sensible woman—especially if she happens to be a widow conducting an unprofitable business—who would hesitate to improve the opportunity? The greedy landlady raised her terms.

"On reflection, sir, I think I ought to have ten shillings a bottle, if you please."

"The wine may be worth it," Mountjoy answered quietly; "but it is more than I can afford to pay. No, ma'am; I will leave you to find some lover of good claret with a longer purse than mine."

It was in this man's character, when he said No, to mean No. Mr. Mountjoy's hostess perceived that her crazy customer was not to be trifled with. She lowered her terms again with the headlong hurry of terror. "You shall have it, Sir, at your own price," said this entirely shameless and perfectly respectable woman.

The bargain having been closed under these circumstances, the landlady's daughter knocked at the door. "I took your letter myself, sir," she said modestly; "and here is the answer." (She had seen Miss Henley, and did not think much of her.) Mountjoy offered the expression of his thanks, in words never to be forgotten by a sensitive young person, and opened his letter. It was short enough to be read in a moment; but it was evidently a favourable reply. He took his hat in a hurry, and asked to be shown the way to Mr. Vimpany's house.

(To be continued.)

A joint meeting of subscribers to the British School at Athens and to the Cyprus Exploration Fund took place on July 10 at the rooms of the Society of Arts, John-street, Adelphi, the Earl of Carnarvon presiding. Mr. George Macmillan, the secretary, read the report, showing that the school had done good work in Athens and elsewhere. The past year—the third of its existence—had helped to establish its position among the foreign institutions of Athens, and the results would, the committee felt, convince Englishmen of the value of the work carried on. Details were then given of the work accomplished. Funds were, however, needed, and for these an urgent appeal was made. Lord Carnarvon and Sir Charles Newton were among the speakers.

## CAIRO DONKEY-BOYS AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

The "Rue du Caire," or model of a street in Cairo, which forms part of the International Exhibition at Paris, contains a variety of mimic or real features of the capital city of Mussulman Egypt, arranged by M. Delort De Gléon, the director of that foreign department, with a just appreciation of Parisian curiosity on the subject. Every one of the many tourists in the Land of the Nile who supposes it to be worth while to add another book, with his personal observations, to the hundreds of books on Egypt which have already been published, has some remark to make on the donkeys and the donkey-boys, whose obtrusive eagerness to give an easy mount to the European lady or gentleman in Cairo is regarded either as troublesome or amusing. We are told of their queer use of English phrases, and equally of French; and the names they will sometimes give to their beasts, "Sir Gladstone," "Prince of Wales," or "Lord Wolsley," to propitiate the favour of those whom they would gain as customers for a ride through the city streets. About sixty boys, with as many donkeys, much finer animals than the degenerate specimens of the asinine race commonly seen in England, have been engaged for the Egyptian show in the Paris Exhibition. These active youths, dressed in long blue blouses, with the "Keffiyeh" rolled about their heads, and with nimble naked feet, are lodged in a long wooden gallery, which is also the stable of their donkeys; and, when they come forth to ply their avocation, make the Rue du Caire a very lively scene. It is pretended, however, by some knowing critics of the Exhibition that some of the lads are too well versed in Parisian slang, and evince too much familiarity with the habits and tastes of the French metropolis, while they have no answer to make to a question in Arabic, and that they were never at Cairo or at Alexandria in their lives. We believe, indeed, that there are genuine specimens of the Arab donkey-boy of Egypt among them, but the "gamin de Paris" may be recognised, now and then, under an Oriental disguise.

## CIVIL LIST PENSIONS.

A Parliamentary return contains the following list of all pensions, making a total of £1200, granted during the year ended June 20 last, and charged upon the Civil List:—

Miss Evelyn Lucy Hewett, in consideration of the distinguished naval services of her late father, Admiral Sir W. N. W. Hewett, £75.  
Miss Jane Hewett, £75.  
Mrs. Katherine Palgrave, in consideration of the literary services of her late husband and of his long service in trying climates, £50.  
Mrs. Sallie Duffield Proctor, in consideration of the service rendered to the cause of science by her late husband, Mr. R. A. Proctor, £100.  
Mrs. Blanche Gertrude Guthrie, in consideration of the eminence of her late husband, Professor F. Guthrie, as a physicist, £50.  
Miss Emily Faithfull, in consideration of her services as a writer and worker on behalf of the emigration, education, and employment of women, £50.  
Mr. William Smyth Rockstro, in consideration of his services to musical literature, £50.  
Mrs. Eliza Shairp, in consideration of the services rendered by her late husband, Professor Shairp, to literature, £50.  
Mrs. Maria Jane Graves, in consideration of the services of her late husband, the Rev. James Graves, to archaeology, and to the early history of Ireland, £50.  
Dr. C. A. M. Fennell, in consideration of his eminence as a classical and philological scholar and of his services to literature, £50.  
Miss Elizabeth Gertrude Birch, in consideration of the services of her late father, Dr. S. Birch, as an archaeologist, £50.  
Miss Juliana Frances Birch, in consideration of the services of her late father, Dr. S. Birch, as an archaeologist, £50.  
Mr. W. Cave Thomas, on account of his personal service to the Royal family, and in consideration of his services to art, £50.  
Mrs. Helen Patey, in consideration of the services rendered by her late husband, Mr. C. H. B. Patey, in the improvement of the telegraph services of this country, £200.  
Mrs. Margaret Rainey Porter, in recognition of the services of her late husband, Dr. J. L. Porter, to education and literature, £50.  
Mrs. Sophie Watts, in recognition of the services of her late husband, Mr. Henry Watts, to chemistry, £75.  
Mrs. Elizabeth Sowerby, in consideration of the botanical works of her late husband, £75.  
Dr. James Hutcheson Stirling, in recognition of his services to philosophy and literature, £50.

The marriage of Lord Langford with Miss Nina Sutton, sixth daughter of the late Sir Richard Sutton, Bart., took place in Agher church, in the county of Meath, on July 11. Colonel C. J. Cotes was the bridegroom's best man; and the four bridesmaids were the Misses Maud, Winnie, and Zoë Sutton, sisters of the bride, and Miss Aimee Rowley, cousin of the bridegroom. Sir Richard Sutton gave his sister away.—At St. Peter's, Eaton-square, on July 11, took place the marriage of Mr. William Wainwright, second son of the late Mr. William Wainwright, of Hoe Place, Woking, and Lady Bagge, widow of Sir Ernest Bagge, of Stradsett Hall, Norfolk. The bride was given away by her father. Mr. Ernest Wainwright, nephew of the bridegroom, acted as best man.

At a recent meeting of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution, its thanks, inscribed on vellum and framed, were awarded to Mr. J. Smart, chief officer of the ship Argomene, of Liverpool, £5 to the second officer, who was injured in rendering the service, and 10s. each to four seamen, for putting off in a boat from the vessel and saving the lives of three persons whose boat had been upset by a squall near Spike Island, Queenstown Harbour, on June 9. Other rewards were granted to the crews of life-boats and shore-boats for saving life from wrecks on our coasts. Payments amounting to £5500 were likewise made on various life-boat stations. Amongst the contributions recently received were £105 from the Mercers' Company, £20 from the Chilean Government, £7 collected on board the Royal mail steamer Medway, per Captain Gillies, and annual subscriptions towards the maintenance of the life-boats of the institution of £50 and £25 respectively from E. F. White, Esq., and Miss S. E. White. Reports were read from the District Inspector of Life-Boats to the institution on their recent visits to life-boat stations.

NOW PUBLISHING.]

THE

## SUMMER NUMBER

OF THE

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CONTAINS

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## THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P.

The Portrait which is presented this week to our readers is a fitting accompaniment of the Illustrations of Hawarden, forming part of the series of "English Homes"; but the occasion does not require any such complete public biography as that which is customary in our Journal when a great and signal event has altered the position of one of our leading statesmen, and we have more than once given a full account of Mr. Gladstone's political career at the times of his appointment to the highest office in the State. A mere recapitulation of dates will suffice to aid the memory of those moderately acquainted with contemporary history, while few persons in this country have not already gathered from the incessant discussion of its affairs plenty of materials for an estimate of Mr. Gladstone's Ministerial and Parliamentary achievements, and of his views or purposes with regard to questions still in debate.

The right hon. gentleman, William Ewart Gladstone, born at Liverpool on Dec. 20, 1809, fourth son of Sir John Gladstone, Bart., a Liverpool merchant; was educated at Eton, and at Christchurch College, Oxford, where he took double first-class honours; was elected M.P. for Newark in December, 1832; and has almost ever since been a member of the House of Commons. He was appointed by Sir Robert Peel, in December, 1834, a Junior Lord of the Treasury, and in February, 1835, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, but retired from office, with Sir Robert Peel, in April of that year. In 1841, when Sir Robert Peel gained power, Mr. Gladstone became Vice-President of the Board of Trade and Master of the Mint, and one of the Privy Council. He succeeded the Earl of Ripon as President of the Board of Trade in 1843, and became Secretary of State for the Colonies in 1845. Having resigned his seat for Newark, during the breach of the Conservative party on account of the repeal of the Corn Laws, he was elected M.P. for the University of Oxford in August, 1847. His widening Liberal opinions then began to separate him from his former political connections, and his re-election in 1852 was contested, but he kept his seat. He was Chancellor of the Exchequer in Lord Aberdeen's Ministry, formed in December of that year, but did not long retain that office after the reconstruction of the Government by Lord Palmerston during the Crimean War. In the winter of 1858, when the late Earl of Derby was Prime Minister, Mr. Gladstone performed a special mission to the Ionian Islands. So far, although he had gained renown as a brilliant Finance Minister, he could not be regarded as an influential party leader. Much of his leisure had been occupied with literary studies, the most considerable result of which, published in 1858, was a book on the Greek traditions of the Homeric age. He had written, twenty years before, an argumentative treatise on Church and State, now remembered chiefly on account of Macaulay's critical review of the essay; and in 1851 his "Letter to Lord Aberdeen," exposing the cruelties practised in Neapolitan prisons on Poerio and his companions, the martyrs of Italian patriotism, made a deep and wide impression on the public mind.

Mr. Gladstone, in June, 1859, became Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Cabinet formed by Lord Palmerston, of which Lord Russell was an important member; and his financial achievements, with the French commercial treaty of 1860, greatly contributed to the popularity of a Liberal Administration. Having been rejected by the University of Oxford at the election of 1865, he was returned for South Lancashire, from which event may be dated the commencement of his later political career in the leadership of the Liberal party. On the death of Lord Palmerston, in the same year, Mr. Gladstone became the acknowledged leader of the House of Commons, still holding his office in the Ministry of Earl Russell, till it was overthrown by Mr. Disraeli and the late Lord Derby; and in 1868, taking his stand, for the Opposition, on the abolition of the Irish Church Establishment, he defeated the Conservative Ministry, and came into full power. Having lost his seat for South-West Lancashire, he was now M.P. for Greenwich. The legislative performances of Mr. Gladstone, and his colleagues, in 1869 and the next two years were more remarkable than anything done by a Liberal statesman since the times of Lord Grey and Lord Melbourne. The Irish Church Disestablishment, the Irish Land Act of 1870, the Elementary Education Act, the Ballot Act, and the abolition of purchase in the Army constituted a new departure in our political history, the results of which have long since been accepted by all parties and classes, and are agreed to be generally beneficial.

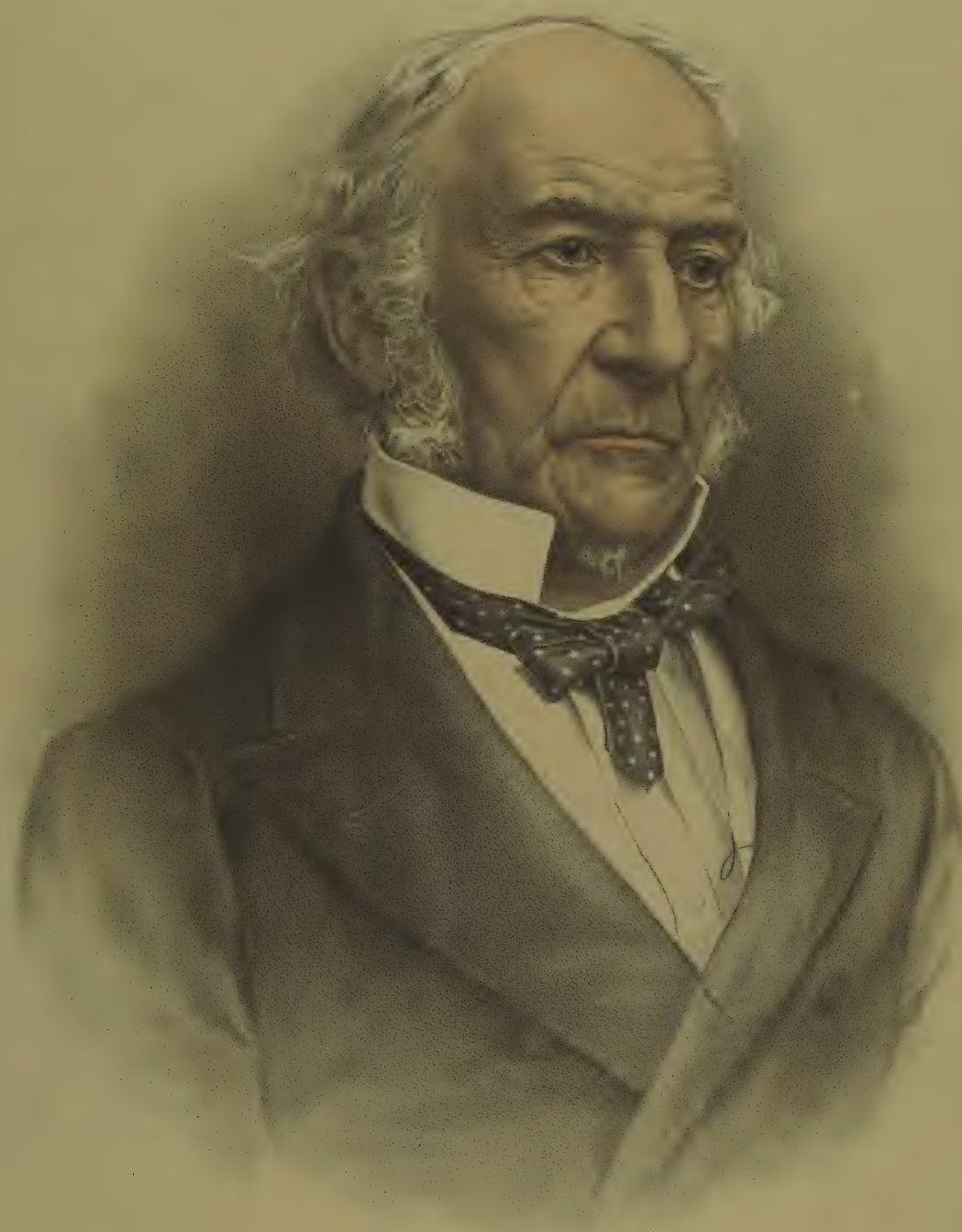
The latter years of that Ministry were disturbed by frequent ill-success and much divided opinion among the Liberal party. The election of 1874 gave a large majority to Mr. Disraeli, who formed a strong Government; and, in the following year, Mr. Gladstone announced his intention of retiring from the Liberal leadership, which was then confided to Lord Hartington. Mr. Gladstone wrote a good deal on theological and literary questions, and still attended Parliament; but it was by a memorable crisis in the affairs of the East, the Bulgarian massacres of 1876, that he was again called to take a prominent share in opposition to the policy of the existing Government. He threw himself into this agitation with amazing force; and his sentiments, expressed most vehemently in the Midlothian electoral campaign of 1879, prevailed so decidedly with the people of Great Britain that the election of 1880 produced a House of 349 Liberal members, against 243 Conservatives, with sixty Irish Home Rulers. Mr. Gladstone, at the end of April, formed a Ministry, in which he was First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, and which, after passing the Irish Land Act of 1881, became involved in arduous and difficult circumstances, partly relating to the military intervention in Egypt and the Sudan, partly to the agitation for Irish nationality under Mr. Parnell, which ultimately resulted in the overthrow of his Government, and in the disruption of the Liberal party, with the rejection of his proposals concerning a separate Irish Parliament. The right honourable gentleman, still M.P. for Midlothian, now in the eightieth year of his age, betrays no diminution of his physical and intellectual vigour; in which respect, whatever may be thought of his present views of statesmanship, he is certainly an extraordinary example of persistent energy, and is entitled to figure, in this generation, as "the Grand Old Man."

By his marriage, fifty years ago, with Catherine, eldest daughter of the late Sir Stephen Glynne, Bart., of Hawarden Castle, Mr. Gladstone has several sons and daughters, one of whom is Mr. Herbert Gladstone, M.P. for West Leeds; and the others are mentioned in our account of his private residence, which will be read with interest upon the occasion of the "Golden Wedding," with a few particulars of the home and private life.

The Primate presided, at Lambeth Palace, on July 11, at the conference of his diocese, at which Canon Westcott read a paper on "the Church's duty to promote the peaceful settlement of international disputes," in which he urged the value of arbitration. After some discussion, it was agreed to appoint a day for intercessory prayer for peace.—A resolution against gambling and betting was adopted on the 12th.



EGYPTIAN DONKEYS IN THE CAIRO STREET AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.



THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, M.P.

ENGLISH HOMES.—No. XX. HAWARDEN CASTLE.

FRONT VIEW.



HAWARDEN, FROM THE ROAD.

IN THE PARK.

HAWARDEN, FROM THE LAKE.

## ENGLISH HOMES.

No. XX.

## Hawarden Castle.



"WE reckon him one of the wonders of the world, look you," said a faithful Welshman at Hawarden, the other day—no need to say of whom. Now that his great comrade in arms has passed away, Mr. Gladstone is our one living statesman whose name has become a part of history already. From all parts of England travellers come to look at the old house which has become famous since it has been his, and stroll through the beautiful park whose trees he thins so diligently. At the little station of Broughton Hall, a mile or so from the gates of Hawarden, the porter answers you before he has had time to hear your question. "Cross the line and keep straight on." He knows well enough that it is "the wonder of the world, look you" whose home you have come to see.

And at this time of his golden wedding more pilgrims than ever before are crossing the Welsh border to do honour to the old statesman, forgetting party for the while, only admiring the wonderful worker in his eightieth year, and moved by a very human wish to see something of his surroundings, to hear a little of his bright and pleasant home life. Nor will they be disappointed in what they see and hear. At Hawarden all is picturesque, interesting, and dignified; and Mr. Gladstone, if ever man was, is a prophet in his own country.

You are not allowed to forget that that country is Wales. England is left behind when you pass the beautiful city of Chester, with its shady rows, its walls—a pleasant walk early on a summer morning—its cathedral, and its Roodee. Whether you go to Broughton Hall by the Holyhead train, or to the little station at Sandycroft, nearer still to Hawarden, you are likely to meet strange men with a shy, puzzled look, who speak English as if it were a foreign tongue, and punctuate their sentences with "Look you" and "Iss," just as Fluellen did in Shakespeare's day. Across the level plain you see the little hills of Wales; and in the villages, if by chance the name over a shop is not Jones, it is pretty sure to be Davies.

From Broughton Hall, when you have "crossed the line and gone straight on" as far as the village church, which stands where two roads meet, a signpost points you "To Hawarden"—pronounced, as I suppose most people know, Harden—and you pass along the quietest country road, shadowed by low, broad-spreading trees, dipping down and sloping again upwards, to where the lodge-gates and their pretty cottage stand by the wayside, on the left.

All are welcome to walk in the park, but a notice-board asks them to keep to the footway. On certain days and hours the old castle in the grounds is to be seen; but the present house is, characteristically, "never shown." Hawarden is before everything a home, the dwelling of a private gentleman; there is nothing of the show-place about it—not even the discomfort!

Yet no park that I have seen has a prettier beginning than this. The path winds up and down, through shady trees; two ridges of hillside lie before you, the nearer one grass-covered, with three trees standing apart atop of it, the further and higher clad in woods of dark and shadowy foliage. Along the hollow to the left a brook runs busily—you can just hear the rippling of its little waterfall. Beyond the valley is a hillside of field and hedge; in front of you a long series of lovely woodland glimpses. Then you pass through a gate, and come at once within sight—and scent—of a gorse-covered upland of the richest bright green, crowned with a line of trees.

Only a few yards further and the round turrets of the castle are in sight. The park is wide and open here, but the house is set in trees and hidden by them, except for a peep here and there of an ivy-covered tower; but you may see the flowers at its foot, and the cricket-ground on the lawn—most likely with players in their flannels, on a July afternoon—and, after a few steps more, the formidable gateway, with its tower on each side and great wooden doors.

It is difficult to describe a modern house as pleasant and stately as Hawarden without falling into the ornate style of the auctioneer; the more, perhaps, since Hawarden affects the ancient in its modernity. Built, a square brick house, in 1752, it was extended, cased in stone, and "castellated" in 1809—about what one may call the Abbotsford period. There is a round tower in the middle, a square tower at almost every corner, here a buttress, and there and everywhere battlements; and I am bound to say that to my eyes the result is very

handsome and good to look upon. For one thing, the colour is warm and pleasant; and in so many great houses the colour is the unsatisfactory part—their chilly, yellowish stone does not harmonise with the strong tones of an English landscape. Think how the yellow Parthenon would look against an English sky!

But here the walls are of a comfortable grey; and they are coated with dark ivy, and broken up with flights of steps to the terrace, and deep mullioned windows, and shadows of the towers jutting out; while, at their feet, bright beds of flowers, scarlet, blue, and gold, sparkle in the sun, against smooth lawns of grass; and trees of all greens stand round, from the lightest of young leaves to sombre hollies.

The principal entrance is a modest one. Narrow steps run sharply up to a little hall, with a passage before it, from which our host and hostess look down in welcome—hers, a pleasant picture in black-and-white; his, a bust of some years ago, so striking in its likeness that it is only at a second look that one sees how great are the changes later years have brought with them. The face was stouter then, there was a sweep of hair across the forehead, and it hung longer behind.

Of the private rooms of a house such as this there is but little to be said; and there are no "show rooms" at Hawarden—though one room there is into which all England would gladly peep. Everything is old-fashioned, quiet, and comfortable; and on all hands one hears of the absence of pretence, the entire homeliness of the private life of our Great Commoner and his family.

Nothing could be simpler than Mrs. Gladstone's own morning-room, bright and sunny, yellow-walled, flower-scented, with an outlook from its wide windows upon the lawn. It is hung with old pictures, and in a case by the wall are many presents to Mrs. Gladstone from cities she has visited. The fine student-face of Miss Helen Gladstone is here, in a good portrait by Richmond; the family portraits of Hawarden are all interesting and noticeable.

Through the cool little hall to the small library—which was a billiard-room, but at Hawarden the rising flood of books gradually covers everything. Mr. Gladstone's books must number a good many over 15,000 now. His bookcases are arranged in an ingenious way, by which much space is saved: they stand out into the rooms at right angles, and each projecting case faces both ways, holding a double row of books. Between each pair of cases there is interval enough to give easy access to the shelves.

Double doors lead to the small drawing-room, which looks on to the lawn, and is full of books; and a large, handsome, white-pillared room succeeds, the library *en titre*. Here hang portraits of faces known to history—among the rest a Vandyck of Sir Kenelm Digby, who was great-great-grandfather to Mrs. Gladstone. Here, too, is a drawing (by Burne-Jones) of his granddaughter a step further removed—with yet another "great" added to her title—Mrs. Drew, Mrs. Gladstone's not-long-married daughter. Other pictures are by Sir Peter Lely and Snijders; and there is a replica of Millais' striking portrait of Mr. Gladstone, painted in the memorable year, 1880.

Below the pictures are bookshelves, of course; but in this room they do not project from the walls, and some, alas! are mere shams, concealing doorways—one of which leads to a very pretty tiny chamber in the adjoining tower. Altogether, this is a spacious, open room; more, perhaps, of the drawing-room—as it is sometimes, I believe, called—than the library.

It is, of course, the room of the house—Mr. Gladstone's study—which best deserves this name. The "Temple of Peace," as its owner calls it, is a corner chamber, in the block lately added at the north-west angle of the house. It is light and cheery, though sober enough in colour—the russet backs of the books reach nearly to the ceiling, the walls above are of a deep Indian red, with white plaques here and there. A white chimney-piece, with brass dogs on the spacious fireplace, gives brightness to its corner of the room; and, for light, there are three windows, one in the main north front, two to the west. There are many busts in the room, of old comrades, rivals, and famous friends. Cobden stands in the midst, with Spurgeon hard by him; and at one end is, you may be sure, John Bright—who, long before the political estrangement of late years, pointed out the great statesman to a young friend with the words, "Look at that man, for he is the greatest Englishman that you are ever likely to see."

And, in a high place of the room, looking down on one of Mr. Gladstone's especial seats, there is a terra-cotta bust of his great opponent in the House of Commons, Benjamin Disraeli, afterwards Earl of Beaconsfield. Other busts and photographs are those of the Queen, Sidney Herbert, Canning, Lord Richard Cavendish; and there is a portrait in relief of Tennyson.

There are three writing-tables. "At one Mr. Gladstone sits when busy in political work and correspondence; the second is reserved for literary labour and, especially, Homeric studies; the third is Mrs. Gladstone's"—so tells us Mr. W. H. Gladstone, in his Hawarden Visitor's Handbook. At the table chiefly used—one need not say which it is!—is a low, shabby chair, covered in red and black, between a western window and the library door, and facing—but at some distance—the fireplace. Of the Homeric table Mr. Gladstone said wistfully to a writer in *Harper's Magazine*, "It is a long time since I sat there."

For the books, in this book-room: one notices at once how many are on theology—some of them very old Italian works, some quite "up to date." It is remarkable that of the four authors to whom Mr. Gladstone attributes the greatest formative influence on his own mind, two are entirely theological, while of the other two the interest is in one case greatly religious, in the other wholly philosophical. The four are St. Augustine, Bishop Butler, Dante, and Aristotle; and you will notice that Dante—like Homer and Shakespeare—has his special department in Mr. Gladstone's library.

Here, as throughout the house, are to be seen many presents and tokens of honour to the great ex-Minister, from cities, from people, and from peoples. In this study one notices immediately two magnificent books, memorials of his recent visit to Italy—the first a lovely collection of views of Rome, bound in white vellum, a tribute from the Anglo-Italian colony in Rome: the other a great volume, in an inlaid cover with silver clasps, filled with signatures from the Universities of Italy. In the library we see, *inter alia*, one of the many

city presents—the golden key which betokens the freedom of the borough of Swansea; while in Mr. Gladstone's dressing-room there are a score or so of presentation walking-sticks.

In a corner near the study fireplace is a tremendous fire-resisting door, through which lies a newly built octagon room, wherein are to be kept Mr. Gladstone's invaluable papers and correspondence. This is believed to be entirely fireproof, but is, unfortunately, anything but waterproof as yet. It is so damp that it will have to be very thoroughly dried before it can be used.

Mr. Gladstone has a kind of private staircase and doorway from the garden to this his Temple of Peace; and even the very doorway is a mass of books. Let me say that their owner does not churlishly keep all these books to himself. "Any resident visitor"—which seems to mean any neighbour—"is at liberty, on entering his or her name in a book kept for the purpose, to borrow any volume at pleasure"; and the privilege seems to be pretty freely exercised.

It is worth going to the dining-room—a grey-pillared, old-fashioned room, with an oaken floor—to see the very interesting family portraits there hung. With the dark, handsome face of Mr. Gladstone himself, as a young man, many engravings have made us familiar; but I do not know that even those who have seen Mrs. Gladstone's sweet face have realised that it must in its youth have been almost the loveliest in England. On this wall, however, hangs proof incontrovertible of the fact: here are "the handsome Miss Glynnnes," side by side, and here also the splendid features and stalwart frame of their father; while Lady Glynnne, the mother, completes a quartet remarkable even among "the handsomest aristocracy in the world."

On the ground-floor one may notice also the rooms of "Mr. Henry"—with its staircase to the garden—and "Mr. Herbert," a very small and business-like study, filled with books, lighter (perhaps in colour only) and newer than those in "The Temple": hung with photographs of sacred pictures and of the family, and further decorated with a stuffed crocodile and a deer-head: for "Mr. Herbert" is a great sportsman, and, as is well known, a crack shot.

A handsome staircase, with walls of pale green and gold, hung with historical pictures, takes us to the first floor; at the top stands an organ, on which Mrs. Gladstone plays, and sometimes "Mr. Herbert." I understand that Mr. Gladstone has given up—as, perhaps, at close on eighty one commonly does—the singing for which he was once so famous; but those who have heard his latest speeches tell us that most of the notes of that wonderful voice are still there, if a little less full, perhaps a little less clear, than of old.

Being on the first floor, will it be indiscreet to peep for a moment into the most interesting of its rooms—the ex-Premier's bed-chamber? Quite unpretentious and plain it is, of course; but large and bright and airy. There are a handsome wooden overmantel and chimneypiece, and the queerest old-fashioned wallpaper. On the wall is a group of the statesmen of 1857, with "Pam" laying down the law and Lord John listening more or less resignedly—and very, very few faces now to be seen in either House at the fullest division.

In the very plain dressing-room, perhaps the most interesting thing to be seen—besides the twenty or thirty walking-sticks in the corner—is seen from the window: a splendid old hawthorn, said to have been planted by the grandfather of "Lady Margaret," the famous old Hawarden letter-carrier. But, when Mr. Gladstone is at home, there is always in this room a large Bible on a stand, which he reads while he is dressing.

Of the other rooms there is no need to speak: the West Room, with its ancient silk-hung bed, and its fine view of the gardens and the Old Castle, framed in the great trees; the Tower Room, with its tiny annexe actually in the tower; the many guest-chambers of Mr. Gladstone's many guests. And downstairs we need but glance into the very lofty ancient kitchen, the cosy housekeeper's room, and the servants' hall, with its prudent maxim—"so like Mr. Gladstone," they said—painted over the fireplace:

Spare Not  
Waste Not  
Add to Sobriety  
Vigilance.

There is a courtyard at the back of the house—which was formerly the front of the house; the turnpike road, which



ENTRANCE GATE.

passed beside it and along the moat to the village, was diverted in 1804. The courtyard is a very pleasant place, with the great gates which we have already seen in one corner, dark and sombre; and tall, dark trees beyond them in the park, and the bright leaves of a younger tree inside; and a red-brick, ivy-covered house opposite the little back-door of the great house; and then, between two more gates, a battlemented wall completing the semicircle of the court.

The red house, and another which lies just beyond the middle gate of the three that I have named, are charities kept

up by Mrs. Gladstone, at her very door, and under her own constant care. The house through the gate she calls her "Little Home." It is a comfortable cottage, in which are generally to be found some six or seven convalescents, or poor people who need change of air, or the like—very frequently Londoners—who spend a happy, restful time under the charge of a wonderful old lady of ninety. Mrs. Smith is a keen politician, active and alert almost as Mr. Gladstone himself, whom she is believed to regard as a very promising youngster.

The red-brick house—called Diglane, and formerly the residence of the Crachley family—is Mrs. Gladstone's Orphanage. Here fourteen girls are trained for service, and twenty boys—from five years old to eighteen or nineteen—are brought up and put to trades. Everything is exquisitely clean, from the blue walls to the shining boards; there is a pretty little prayer-room; the beds look very fresh and comfortable, some with coverlets striped with white and red, some—no doubt a present—dotted all over with little heads of Mr. Gladstone. In the boys' garden each has his strip of ground. The flowers and fruit are very bright and fragrant. One cannot but think how these red-cheeked fellows must come to love their pretty home, with its old wooden porch, and roses growing up, with the little leaded window-panes, the clock above the door, the ancient mangle inside, and, above all, the kind face of the nurse, Mrs. Godfrey, always looking out upon them.

Walking round the great house till we are in front of Mr. Gladstone's study windows, we find ourselves under the shade of a very curious circle of tall lime-trees—about 20 ft. in diameter—which is called Sir John Glynne's Dressing-Room. In the park and grounds are splendid trees of many kinds—two great oaks, and Mr. Gladstone's favourite feathering-beech, and some magnificent sycamores, are specially noteworthy; and in spring the rhododendrons blossom into a blaze of colour. Yet in 1730, as Sir John Glynne records, only one tree was standing about the place—that is to say, no doubt, in the private grounds near the house. This tree is thought to have been the large spreading oak by the flower-garden.

In the 250 acres of the park are many lovely views; a valley runs across it from end to end, and on the farther side is the Deer Park—richly timbered, and overgrown with bracken—which was enclosed and stocked by Sir John Glynne in 1739. Through the valley runs Broughton brook, with its two waterfalls; on the steep above you may see, scampering away in their hundreds, the rabbits—"Welsh rabbits" in their native home! It is indeed one of the most beautiful of parks, the land rising and falling in little hills and ravines, and the

tops of the park and the new castle cosy and pleasant among flowerbeds and grass.

Two walls, or "curtains," came down from the keep and enclosed the space below: one is still pretty perfect. On the north side of the courtyard was the entrance; on the south the banqueting-hall, thirty feet high from its timber floor to the wall-plate. Of this two lofty windows still remain, with traces of a third. Outside the "curtain," on the east, are remains of a kitchen and other offices.

"From the north-eastern angle of the curtain," Mr. W. H. Gladstone tells us, "projects a spur-work protected by two curtains, one of which, 4 ft. thick and 24 ft. high, only remains, with a shouldered postern door opening on the scarp of the ditch at its junction with the main curtain. This spur-work was the entrance to the Castle, and contains a deep pit, now called the Dungeon, and a Barbican or sallyport beyond. The pit is 12 ft. deep and measures 27 ft. by 10 ft. across. It may possibly have served the double purpose of defence and of water-supply—there being no other apparent source. In the foot-bridge across the pit may have been a trap-door, or other means for suddenly breaking communication in case of need. Overhead probably lay the roadway for horsemen, with a proper drawbridge. The thickness of the walls indicates their having been built to a considerable height, sufficient, probably, to form parapets masking the passage of the bridge. In the mound beyond, or counter-scarp, was the gatehouse and Barbican, containing a curious fanshaped chamber up a flight of steps."

The earthworks surrounding the castle are its oldest part—tenth century, perhaps; the barbican and dungeon-pit are later than the main building; while the entrance and the winding steps which take you to the top of the Keep are a recent and skilful restoration.

To tell in a few lines a history which goes back far more than 600 years—for there seems no doubt that in the earliest times Hawarden was a British fortification—is not an easy task, but I must attempt it. The name comes from the Welsh *Din* or *Dinas*, castle on a hill, with some kind of prefix; and is spelt *Haordine* in Domesday, and elsewhere *Weorden* or *Haweorden*, *Harden*—as it is still pronounced—*Ha Wordin*, and *Hauwerthyn*.

A quaint story, told in Willett's "History of Hawarden," seems to show that the Welsh were in possession here, in the tenth century, although by the making of Offa's Dyke (about A.D. 790) the place had come into the kingdom of Mercia.

About the sixth year of the reign of Conan, King of North Wales, "there happened a very dry and hot summer, so dry that there was not grass for the cattle;

upon which most of the inhabitants went and prayed" to the Holy Rood for rain. Among the rest, the Lady Trawst, wife of Sytsylht, Governor of Harden Castle, "praying earnestly and long, the image or Holy Rood fell down on her head and killed her." Upon this was a great uproar, and a jury was summoned to try the said image for murder, their names being—

Hincot of Hancot, Span of Mancot,  
Leech and Leach, and Cumberbeach.  
Peet and Pate, with Corbin of the gate,  
Milling and Hughet, with Gill and Pughet.

The Holy Rood was found guilty, and sentenced to death. "Hang her!" said some; but the wise Span suggested that, as they wanted rain, it would be best to drown her; and the yet wiser Corbin advised to lay her on the sands of the river Dee and see what became of her. This was done, and the tide carried the image to Caerleon, said to be Chester. The townsfolk found it, "drowned and dead," and buried it at the city-gate, with this inscription—

The Jews their God did crucify,  
The Hardeners theirs did drown,  
'Cause with their wants she'd not comply,  
And lies under this cold stone.

I am told that the people of Hawarden to this day are called "Harden Jews"; and every racing-man knows that the low land by Chester is still the Roodee—or "Rood-Eye."

William the Conqueror granted Hawarden—and very much besides—to his kinsman, Hugh Lupus, Earl of Chester; and to the Earls of Chester it belonged until the death of Ranulf de Blundeville, last Earl, in 1231, when it passed, through his sister Mabel, to the Montalts.

Thirty years after this (in 1264) Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, and Llewellyn, Prince of North Wales, met under the castle walls, and there swore to stand by each other. King Henry, then the Earl's prisoner, was compelled to renounce his rights, and the castle was given over to Llewellyn; but when the King got the upper hand again Llewellyn was asked to give up his castle; and, after some debate, agreed that it should be destroyed, and Robert de Montalt should be reinstated, but should not restore the fortifications for thirty years.

Part of the "consideration" for Llewellyn's goodwill in this matter was Eleanor, Simon de Montfort's daughter; but it seems probable that the fortifications were restored, for we find the Welsh successfully attacking the castle by night in 1281, "with much bloodshed and cruelty." It was stormed and partly burnt, and much the same happened again the next year; after which the present building was probably raised—for it is hardly likely that such a keep as now stands at Hawarden could have been taken by assault two years running. Robert, the last of the Montalts, was probably the builder.

This family had held the property for about a century; then, after twice or thrice coming into the possession of the Crown, and after half a century in the hands of the Montagues, it passed (in 1454) to the Stanleys, soon afterwards Earls of Derby. With them it remained for nearly two



THE OLD CASTLE.

centuries; but with the execution of James Stanley,

the Cavalier, after the battle of Worcester, in 1657, it was sequestered. During the Civil War, I may note, it had been besieged and taken by the Royalists, and, two years later, retaken from them by the Roundheads after a month's siege. In 1646 it was ordered to be "disgarrisoned and demolished," and there are still traces that gunpowder was used to blow up portions of the Keep.

After the sequestration it was bought by the famous Crown lawyer and politician, Serjeant (afterwards Chief Justice) Glynne, whose family has held it to this day—for Mrs. Gladstone is descended directly from him.

Indeed, if pride of birth makes for conservatism, the children of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone have every right to be Tories of the truest blue; for William Ewart Gladstone can trace his ancestral line—through some dim grand-dam of the past—to Henry III. of England and Robert the Bruce of Scotland; while Catherine, his wife, is twenty-seventh in descent from Cilmin of the Black Foot (*Cilmin Drodd Dhu*), who flourished in Wales early in the ninth century. His descendant, Edward Llywd, assumed the name of Glynne, of which the Serjeant Glynne just mentioned was the most notable bearer—and made, indeed, for himself a very considerable position, on both sides, in and after the Parliamentary War and the Restoration.

It was in 1723 that the Glynnes moved to Hawarden from Bicester; and in 1752 Sir John Glynne—"the founder of the place, though not of the family"—built the new house, upon the site of Broadlane Hall, the seat of the Ravenscrofts. Sir John had married Honora Conway, co-heiress of this family, which had long been connected with Hawarden. To him is due very much of the present beauty of the park.

His grandson, Sir Stephen Richard Glynne—one of the highest authorities of his time on English ecclesiology—was the father of Mrs. Gladstone: at the death of whose last brother, Sir Stephen, the lordship of the manor (together, by a family arrangement, with the estates) came to the present owner.

There is, perhaps, no necessity to trace the genealogy of Mr. Gladstone to Henry III.; it will be enough to say that his grandfather, John Gladstones, of Toft Combes, near Biggar (ominous conjunction—though Biggar is in Lanarkshire!), migrated to Leith a century ago and became a corn-merchant. His eldest son, afterwards Sir John, made the fortune and began the fame of the family as a merchant of Liverpool. He married, *en secondes nocces*, Anne, daughter of Andrew Robertson, Provost of Dingwall—Henry III.'s relation; and became in succession a very wealthy man, the friend of Canning, a Liberal-Conservative—having begun as a Whig—and a Baronet. It was he who dropped the final s in the name which his fourth son has made immortal.

Of the public life of William Ewart Gladstone there is no need to say a word. He has been thrice Prime Minister of England, and seems vigorous enough to take the helm again at any moment. That he was educated at Eton and Christchurch, Oxford, and, having been brought up "under the shadow of the great name of Canning," could not but begin life as a Tory; that he is one of the foremost of Homeric scholars, and of theological disputants; that he is without a rival as a master of finance—are not these things as

universally known as that he is the greatest, some say the only, living orator, and profuse in his expenditure of energy and postcards?

This is the year, almost the very day, of his golden wedding. On July 14, in 1839, the beautiful daughters of Sir Stephen R. Glynne—Catherine and Mary, known as the "handsome Miss Glynnes"—were both married at Hawarden, the former becoming Mrs. Gladstone, the latter Lady Lyttelton. The story is told that, some time before this, when Miss Glynne met at a dinner-party her future husband—whom she did not then know—an English Minister who sat next to her pointed him out, with the words, "Mark that young man: he will yet be Prime Minister of England!" How devoted a wife and mother that "handsome Miss Glynne" has made everyone

MR. W. H. GLADSTONE'S HOUSE, FROM THE PARK.



THE NEW POND.

castles, old and new, facing each other among its deep trees.

To the old castle you pass up a steepish slope, which ends in

an artificial amphitheatre, made by some poor working-men under the direction of Sir John Glynne, to give them work in a time of distress. ("Not only we, the latest seed of Time . . . have loved the people well!") A drawbridge, thick with ivy, leads across the dry moat to the bowling-green—as it is now called—or open courtyard of the old castle; a circle of smooth grass, girt with the ruins of the ancient wall.

Six hundred years ago, this castle must have been of unusual strength. It is guarded on the south by the steep ravine, and on all other sides by banks and ditches, partly artificial and partly natural. "The place presents," says Mr. G. T. Clark, "in a remarkable degree the features of a well-known class of earthworks found both in England and in Normandy. This kind of fortification by mound, bank, and ditch was in use in the ninth, tenth, and even in the eleventh centuries, before masonry was general. The mound was crowned with a strong circular house of timber, such as in the Bayeux tapestry the soldiers are attempting to set on fire. The court below and the banks beyond the ditches were fenced with palisades, and defences of that character."

There are no marks of the Norman style at Hawarden; though—as Mr. W. H. Gladstone points out in his "Hand-book," from which these facts are mainly taken—it was usual, after the Conquest, to replace these earthworks with solid Norman masonry. The castle seems to be the work of one period—probably rather late in the thirteenth century.

The Keep is exceedingly solid, in diameter 61 ft., and originally about 40 ft. in height; it stands out some 50 ft. above the main ward, and 200 ft. from the bottom of the ravine. The wall is 15 ft. thick at the base, and 13 ft. at the level of the rampart wall—dimensions rare indeed at the supposed date of its building.

There were of old two floors in the Keep, the upper being a state-room, lighted from three recesses, and entered from the portcullis-chamber. Next to this is the *Sacrarium*, with a cinquefoil-headed doorway, a small recess for a piscina, and a later altar. A gallery in the thickness of the wall runs round nearly the whole circle of the Keep, with remarkably strong vaulting.

From this sentry-walk you have a view—so says the grizzled warder, William Jones—of no fewer than eight counties; and these are Shropshire, Staffordshire, Leicestershire, Derbyshire, Lancashire, Cheshire, Flintshire, and Denbighshire. Far and away you can see to north and east and south; only on the west is the view shut in by Moel Famman, the Queen Mountain. The cities of Liverpool and Chester are in sight; and the Black Tower of Eaton Hall through a gap; and, over a church-tower, the distant sea. Far and near are hills; close by, under the watch-tower of the old castle, lie the tree-



HAWARDEN CASTLE, THE SEAT OF THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, M.P.



THE OLD CASTLE, FROM THE PARK.

BUCKLEY, FROM THE OLD CASTLE.

THE VILLAGE, FROM THE OLD CASTLE

knows, and most people have heard how wide, and yet how unostentatious, are her works of charity. At home, here at Hawarden, she is always "running in and out" of her orphanage and "little home," reading to the poor inmates in the evening, cheering and comforting their quiet lives.

The family life at Hawarden Castle would seem always to have been bright and cheerful, a life of much occupation and varied interest. There have been eight children of the marriage, of whom all but one survive; nor are grandchildren now lacking in the old home. The eldest son, Mr. W. H. Gladstone, now takes his father's place as landlord of the estates; the second, Stephen Edward, is Rector of the square-towered church, six centuries old, which stands just off the one street of the plain little town; and the fourth, the popular member for Leeds, aids, as is well known, in the political work of the "old Parliamentary hand."

Many guests come to the castle when host and hostess are at home, to enjoy the rare privilege of hearing the talk of one of the very few great talkers of an age when the art of conversation, or the taste for it, seems in danger of dying out. Now-a-days, we have no Holland House, no Bowood; but we have still Mr. Gladstone, the flood of whose eloquence is described brilliantly—if with some humorous exaggeration—in the current number of the *New Review*. "No image except that of a torrent," says the reviewer, "can convey the notion of Mr. Gladstone's conversation—its rapidity, its volume, its splash and dash, its frequent beauty, its striking effects, the amount of varied matter which it brings with it, the hopelessness of trying to resist it, the unexpectedness of its onrush, the subdued but fertilised condition of the subjected area which it leaves behind. The bare mention of a topic in which Mr. Gladstone is interested opens the flood-gates, and submerges a province."

One form of his more public talk is specially connected with Hawarden—the little speeches which he sometimes makes from the terrace of his garden to tourists eager for a few words from him whom they assuredly speak of (as we must, just this once!) as the "Grand Old Man."

And there is another point, interesting to tourists and to the world at large, on which it has become necessary to say a word or two. I have postponed it to the very end, but that it must come I knew well. I could not avoid, sooner or later, the consideration of Mr. Gladstone as a woodcutter.

It is undoubtedly a disappointment to the visitor to Hawarden to find the place so well wooded; it is a surprise to find that Mr. Gladstone only cuts down trees when they need cutting down. A wag scratched on a tree in the park—

No matter whether oak or birch,

They all go, like the Irish Church.

But they do not. As a fact, only a few have gone. Mr. Gladstone does not do so much woodcutting now as he did; and he took it up late in life. He has always—unlike his rival, Lord Beaconsfield—taken a great amount of exercise; as a young man, he was a magnificent rider; and he found in tree-felling an occupation which suited him admirably. When a tree is doomed—his son tells us—"no exercise is taken in the morning, save the daily walk to morning service, but between three and four in the afternoon he sallies forth, axe on shoulder, accompanied by one or more of his sons. The scene of action reached, there is no pottering: the work begins at once, and is carried on with unflagging energy. Blow follows blow, delivered with that skill which his favourite author reminds us is of more value to the woodman than strength, together with a force and energy that soon tells its tale on the tree."

Μήτι τοι δένδρονος μὲν ἀμύνων ἢ βίβη—

this is the line alluded to; and I think we cannot leave Mr. Gladstone in fitter company than Homer's.—EDWARD ROSE.

## BENEVOLENT OBJECTS.

The Queen has given £200 to the Patriotic Volunteer Fund.

The Bishop of Peterborough has contributed £100 (third donation) to the Clergy Distress Fund, and the Dean of St. Paul's £50 (third donation).

The Goldsmiths' Company have voted £100 to the Children's Country Holidays' Fund (office, 10, Buckingham-street, Strand), of which the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton is treasurer.

The Highland Society of London have voted 250 guineas as bursaries to twenty students, selected from the Highland counties, pursuing their studies at any of the Scottish Universities.

The Warden of King's College Hospital has received 20 guineas from Mr. John Stone, being the proceeds of an entertainment given by the "Old Boys" of the Garrick and Ingoldsby Clubs at St. George's Hall.

Prince George of Wales presided on July 10 at the inaugural dinner of the Royal Provident Fund for Sea Fishermen, held at Fishmongers' Hall, and in an earnest speech advocated the claims of the fund. Contributions were announced to the amount of £1369.

The Report of the Royal Commission on the Education of the Blind, Deaf, and Mute has been presented to the Queen.—The annual distribution of prizes to pupils at the School of the Association for the Oral Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb took place at the school, 11, Fitzroy-square, on July 10.

July 9 was a gala day at the Holloway College for Girls, at Egham, being the second anniversary of the opening. Prince and Princess Christian and their children drove over to attend the garden party given by the governors and trustees, of whom Prince Christian is president.

The Board of Trade have received, through the Foreign Office, sums of money, which have been awarded to the chief officer and five seamen of the British steam-ship *Circe*, in recognition of their services in rescuing the shipwrecked crew of the American brig *Mary E. Dana*, on March 17 last.

Mr. John Wingfield Malcolm, M.P., of Poltalloch, presided on July 3 at the seventy-fourth anniversary festival of the Royal Caledonian Asylum, at Freemasons' Tavern. The Secretary (Mr. Thomas Inglis) announced subscriptions and donations amounting to £730, and added that the list would be left open until it reached £1500.

A bazaar has been held at Willis's Rooms in aid of the work which has been carried on for some six years by Miss Kersteman Marchant, with the object of assisting Irish ladies who, from non-payment of rents and other causes, have been reduced to a condition of distress. Many children have already been provided for through this movement.

Princess Mary (Duchess of Teck), who was accompanied by her daughter, visited Epsom on July 11, and opened the new cottage hospital which has been erected at a cost of over £3000 as a memorial of her Majesty's Jubilee. The town was gaily decorated, and thousands of people thronged the streets, the day being observed as a general holiday.

Lord Randolph Churchill presided at the dinner on July 6 in aid of the Hospital for Diseases of the Throat, at which subscriptions amounting to nearly £2000 were announced, including £300 from the Empress Frederick of Germany. Mr. Henry

Irving presented Sir Morell with a silver bowl, on behalf of a large number of actors and actresses, as a testimonial of their admiration and regard.

The Lord Mayor presided over a largely attended meeting held at the Mansion House on July 10 to further the objects of the Teachers' Training and Registration Society. Dr. Butler, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge; Sir P. Magnus, Mr. A. Sidgwick, Sir M. Grant Duff, and others took part in the proceedings. Resolutions were adopted affirming the great importance of professional training for teachers in higher-grade schools on the principles of Froebel, and appointing a committee to formulate a scheme with a view to an appeal for funds to establish a permanent training college.

Mr. J. W. Hobbs, the Mayor of Croydon, opened, on July 10, a new recreation-ground at South Norwood, which has been purchased and laid out by the Corporation at a cost of nearly £6000. The event was made the occasion of a general holiday, and Councillor Newberry entertained the aged people and all the school-children, to the number of 2000, at tea. In the evening the Mayor presided at a banquet at the Public Hall. This recreation-ground, which covers an area of 12½ acres, and is in close proximity to Norwood Junction, makes the eleventh within the Borough of Croydon, the total area, including Addington Hills, amounting to 204 acres.

The annual court of governors of the Mothers' Home, Shadwell, was held on July 10, at 30, Charles-street, St. James's-square, by permission of the Marchioness of Waterford. The Marquis of Waterford presided. Mrs. M. Lilly A. Warner, lady superintendent of the home, read the annual report, which stated that since the opening of the home in December, 1884, 545 patients had been registered for admission, 309 had been admitted and discharged well, 59 attended at their own homes, and 125 were treated during the past year. The great want of increased accommodation was severely felt, and it was hoped soon to obtain a very suitable house in the Commercial-road. The income for the year had been £1195. The chairman said the report was of a satisfactory character, and this home was doing a most admirable work. It was conducted with great economy, and he trusted it would receive their best support. On the motion of Major-General Hilliard it was resolved in future to call the institution "The Mothers' Home." The Hon. Mrs. Stuart-Wortley having spoken, the proceedings closed with a vote of thanks to the Marquis and Marchioness of Waterford for the use of their house for the meeting.

A meeting was held on July 9 at 137, Harley-street, by permission of Sir Robert Fowler, to consider the welfare of the British Institute in Brussels, which is designed to help distressed Englishwomen in that city. From the report for the year 1888 it seems that 350 English ladies had applied to the institute for governesses and servants during the year. The lady superintendent had also made a point of visiting English girls lying sick in the various hospitals, and many grateful letters had been received from friends in England for assistance afforded to their distressed friends in Brussels. Sir Robert Fowler called attention to the merits of this excellent charity; and he was followed by Lord Vivian, who touchingly related several very painful cases of distress among our countrywomen in Belgium who had received relief from the rather slender funds of the institute. Lady Jane Taylor, who took the chair, further explained the objects of the institute, and said that she hoped that at least twenty-five persons would subscribe £5 each towards the expense of meeting the rent of the house in Brussels. A considerable sum of money was collected in the room, and further subscriptions can be sent to Mrs. Drummond, hon. secretary, 13, St. James's-place, S.W.

The festival dinner in connection with the Metropolitan Hospital was held on July 10 at the Hôtel Métropole, the Rev. William Rogers, Vicar of Bishopsgate, presiding. The company numbered about one hundred. The chairman, giving the toast of "Prosperity to the Hospital," said the institution was established by Mrs. Fry. The hospital is in the very heart of the teeming population of Shoreditch, Haggerston, and Dalston. The rev. gentleman made a vigorous appeal for support. Sir E. Hay Currie remarked that eighteen months ago the committee decided to work the hospital upon provident principles, which meant that persons living within a mile radius, who were really too poor to pay the ordinary fees of medical men, could, by paying a small monthly charge all the year round in health as well as in sickness, become entitled to all the relief which a general hospital afforded. They had at present 11,000 persons acting on that principle in the district after eighteen months' time. The speaker pointed out that South London, from Greenwich to Guy's, was really without any hospital, and he was of opinion that the time had come when the matter of hospital accommodation should be looked into. The treasurer presented a satisfactory report, and subscriptions to the amount of £2014 8s. 9d. were announced.

The annual summer fête in connection with the Homes for Little Boys at Farningham and Swanley took place at Farningham on July 10. The cottage homes at the last-mentioned place accommodate some 300 homeless boys under ten years of age, gathered from all parts of the kingdom. This little settlement, charmingly situated in the Kentish Hills, comprises a handsome chapel, a spacious drill-hall, and ten cottages, each accommodating a "family" of thirty lads, under the care of teachers and matrons. Elementary education of a thoroughly efficient character is given, and every boy is practically instructed in some useful trade. Similar but more advanced training is undergone by the 200 inmates of the Orphan Homes at Swanley. Arriving soon after midday, the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen and a large party of visitors found the boys busily at work in their various departments. A *prima voce* examination in Scripture, mental arithmetic, and geography, in all of which subjects the boys acquitted themselves most creditably, having been held, luncheon was served in the drill-hall. Lord Aberdeen, who presided, spoke of the eminently satisfactory manner in which these homes were conducted, and made an earnest appeal for increased assistance on their behalf. Lady Aberdeen then presented the prizes to the Farningham boys, who afterwards went through their musical drill and gymnastics in capital style. The day's programme was wound up by some athletic sports among the boys of both institutions.

Messrs. W. and D. Downey, of Ebury-street, have had the honour of photographing the Shah, also Amine Sultan, Grand Vizier, and Prince Majid Dowleh, son-in-law of the Shah. His Majesty honoured Messrs. Downey by writing his autograph in their book, and selected several photos of the Royal family.

Prospects of sport in the Highlands for "The Twelfth" are on the whole satisfactory, though exception must be made in respect of some of the districts where the disease has wrought considerable mischief. The forests generally, and notably those belonging to the Queen, are well stocked with deer. It is understood that, by special order of her Majesty, the Shah, when he goes north, will have an opportunity of enjoying a day's stalking in Ballochbuie.

## THE PLAGUE OF CRICKETS IN ALGERIA.

The immense ravages of all the growing crops of grain by a peculiar species of cricket, the *Stauronotus Maroccanus*, which infests the eastern provinces of Algeria, were minutely described and illustrated in this Journal on August 4, 1888. This destructive insect, bred on the dry and bare highlands of the Tell, has been descending into the cultivated plains, towards the shores of the Mediterranean, during the past four years. Its shape and size, when full-grown, are correctly represented in the pair shown (the largest of those in our Illustrations) by the Engravings in this Number. Its colour is russet or reddish brown. The insect's mouth is armed with two strong horny hooks in the upper jaw, moving horizontally, crossing each other like the blades of scissors. With these, having climbed a cornstalk, they first quickly strip off the beard and husks of the ear of corn, which they allow to fall to the ground; and then cut open every grain, devouring only its farinaceous part, and this to the last crumb. Five or six insects will ascend a cornstalk at once, till it bends under their weight; millions and millions are in the field, swarming all round, seeking an unoccupied stalk, for they will seldom eat the husks or the stalk itself. The female insect, which is much larger than the male, lays her eggs about the end of June or beginning of July. She chooses dry and sterile ground, in which she bores a hole, an inch deep, by the instrumentality of a valvular sucking-tube at the extremity of her abdomen. Applying the end of this tube to the grains of earth or sand, which are loosened by its moisture, she lifts and removes them sticking to the tube, and continues the process till the hole is excavated. Then she deposits in the hole a cylindrical ovary, a case or shell of hardened mucilage, containing about forty eggs, very neatly packed together. The eggs remain nine months in the earth, and are slowly hatched by the heat of the sun, till the spring of the following year, when a little white caterpillar comes out of each egg; it is speedily transformed into a cricket; and these insects, collecting rapidly over spaces of hundreds of miles, form vast and terrible armies, which begin their march as creeping things, but are presently furnished with wings as they attain the full size of adults, while they proceed in their devastating advance, guided by some mysterious instinctive knowledge, to the corn-growing regions far distant from the land of their birth.

The French Government of Algeria last year commenced an extensive system of preventive or defensive operations against this enormous mischief. A scientific and practical commission, of which M. Künckel d'Herculais was president, was charged with the task, and resolved to adopt measures both for destroying the young crickets, before they get their wings, and for collecting and destroying the eggs. An exact geographical survey and map of the districts where the insects had laid their eggs having been prepared, the Arab tribes were summoned to form encampments in those districts; and remuneration was promised to them, for gathering the eggs, at the rate of 1f. 50c. for the quantity of two décalitres, which is more than two pecks of English measure. This work continued from August to December last year, the total sum paid for it being nearly 600,000f.; but it did not suffice to prevent the reappearance of the living crickets, in somewhat diminished numbers, in the spring of the present year. The Government Commission then resorted to the plan which was successfully employed in Cyprus, a few years ago, by the British administrative authorities there, against the plague of locusts. It is that of fixing up long bands of cotton cloth or calico, supported by sticks, and stretching as a fence, in some cases, across one mile or more of the country, to intercept the march of the yet unwinged insects; and also digging a trench in front of the barrier, so that the insects fall back into the trench when they fail to climb to the top of the cloth, and cannot afterwards escape. Our Illustrations show the appearance of these fences and trenches, of which nearly six thousand have been constructed at the expense of the French Government. The cloth stands about 2 ft. high; its lower edge is fixed close to the ground, and its upper edge has a slippery border of waxed cloth, nearly four inches wide, kept moist by daily oiling. The insects cannot keep their hold on this oiled border, and inevitably drop back into the trench beneath, which is 3 ft. 8 in. deep, and of the same width, and the sides of which are lined with plates of zinc. After about twenty-five minutes, the host of crickets still pressing on to the barrier, over spaces left purposely between the lengths of the trenches, each of which is only 7 ft. or 8 ft. long, all the trenches are full of masses of struggling insects. They are constantly watched by the Arabs, one of whom jumps into the trench, as soon as he sees it filled, and tramples them to death with his feet, while he thrashes the living mass with a heavy stick, or log of wood, till they are all dead and reduced to a hideous pulp, which is immediately dug out and carried away, leaving the trench empty to receive their successors. The apparatus, used on a vast scale in Algeria, has cost many thousands of pounds sterling, the calico, the waxed and oiled cloth, the cords, stakes, and steel fastenings, and the plates of zinc being provided by the French Government; while 850 workshops and offices have been established, and nearly 100,000 people have been employed in this grand operation. They are guarded by detachments of French soldiers. This plan has been attended with considerable success; the quantity of living insects already destroyed, in the spring months of this year, was estimated at more than half a million cubic yards. It is hoped by these means, combined with destroying the eggs, to put an end to the lamentable havoc of the grain crops in Algeria, which has caused great misery to an industrious agricultural nation.

An ex-convict named Shrimpton, who was charged at Bow-street with having failed to report himself, told a singular story of how he had tamed a mouse which at first disturbed him in his cell at Holloway Jail. Upon being remanded he expressed concern lest his pet should be taken from him, and was reassured on that point.

Guy's Hospital was on July 11 the scene of a very pleasant gathering, the occasion being the annual distribution of medals and prizes to the medical students. The prizes were presented by the treasurer, Mr. E. H. Lushington, among the most important being the open scholarship in arts of 125 guineas, awarded to John Bensford Leathes, of Rochester, who also took the Arthur Durham prize for dissection (£5). The open scholarship in science of 125 guineas was gained by William John Johnson, of Shefford, Bedfordshire.

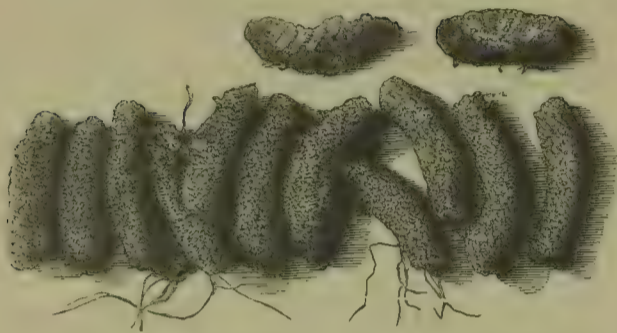
To the long list of public schools and colleges which have established missions in London must now be added the Merchant Taylors' School, Charterhouse-square, of which Dr. Baker is head-master. At a meeting of "old boys" on July 11, held in the school, it was resolved to raise an annual sum of not less than £250 for the maintenance of a mission staff; and, as Eton, Harrow, Marlborough, and Dulwich have gone to the east and south, the Merchant Taylors appropriately chose the north-west of London. Mr. C. M. Clode, a member of the Merchant Taylors' Court, said the mission would always have a friend in the company.



WINGED CRICKET, 1888.

WINGED CRICKETS, 1887.

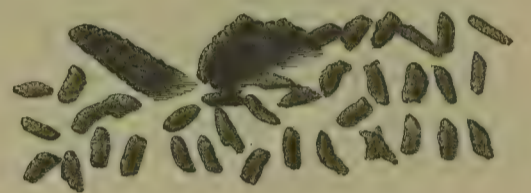
WINGED CRICKET, 1888.



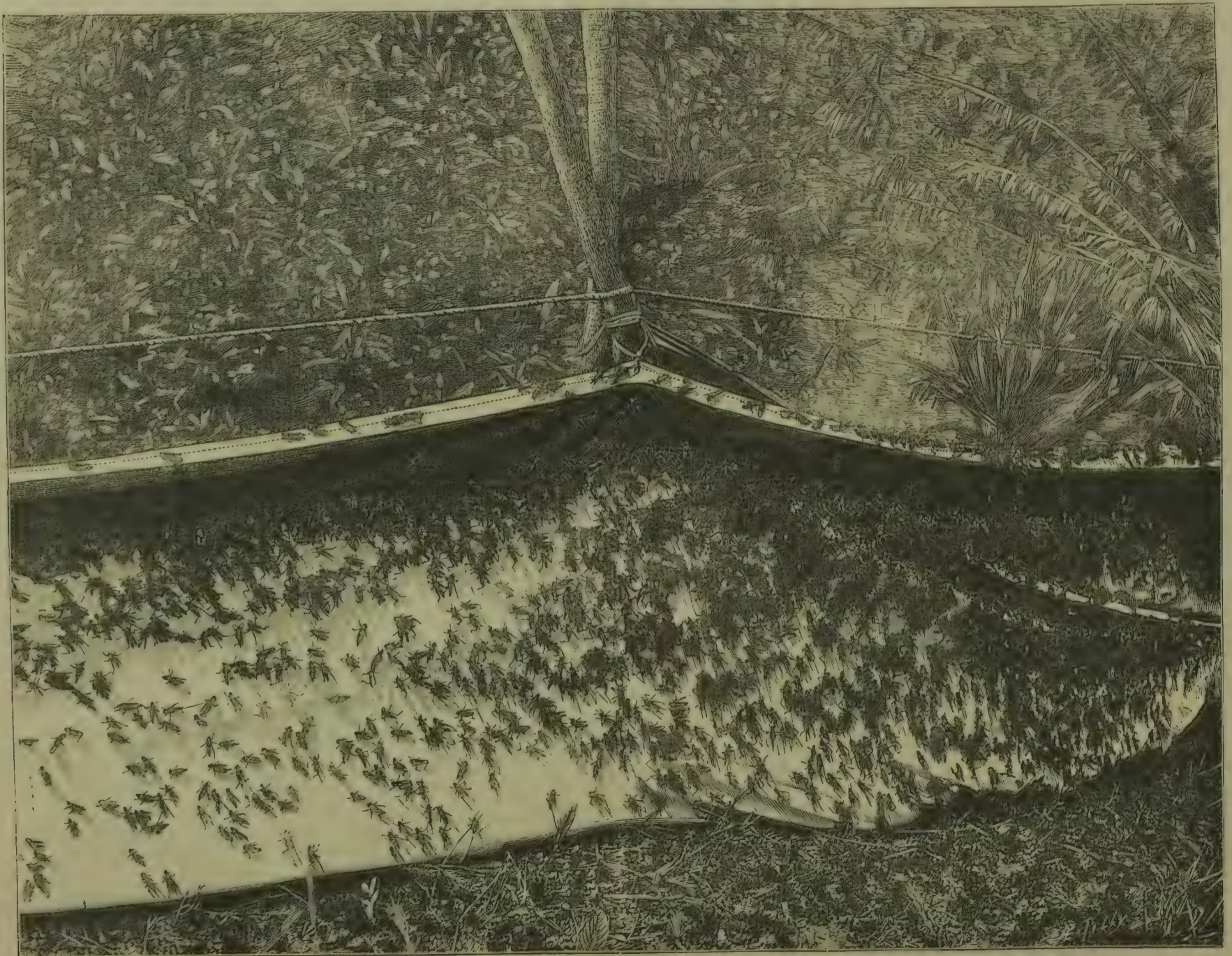
CASES OF HARD MUCILAGE IN WHICH THE CLUSTERS OF EGGS ARE LAID BY THE INSECT.



NEWLY HATCHED CRICKETS, THREE DAYS OLD, 1889.



EGGS TAKEN OUT OF THE CASES IN WHICH THEY ARE LAID BY THE INSECT.



APPARATUS OF A CLOTH SCREEN PUT UP TO STOP THE CRICKETS.

THE PLAGUE OF CRICKETS IN ALGERIA.



ENCAMPMENT OF ARABS EMPLOYED TO COLLECT THE EGGS OF THE CRICKETS.



ARABS EMPTYING THE TRENCH IN WHICH THE CRICKETS ARE BURIED.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.  
ON GETTING OLD.

There is a very large meed of sympathy to be reserved for folk who are getting on in years, and who are approaching the "sere and yellow" stage of existence. I fancy, however, the liveliest commiseration must be reserved, not for those who have long passed the meridian of life, but for the units who have just begun to feel they are getting old. A man who hitherto has been able to move about and around without an ache or a pain, and who has not needed to bethink himself very much of what he eats or how he eats it, begins to be conscious that he cannot take the same liberty with himself as of yore. He finds that he becomes more readily tired than formerly; that his walking or cycling demands greater care than it once did, if he is to experience no sense of lassitude thereafter; and that work and play alike cannot be performed or indulged in with the same healthy recklessness as of yore. He takes alarm, and consults his medicine man, but is told there is nothing wrong. Then, one morning, he awakes to the consciousness of the truth. It is not that disease has seized upon him or debility attacked him. His life is healthy enough; but he is, in a word, "getting old." It requires some exercise of philosophy, I admit, to face this fact, especially if one, prior to the discovery in question, has lived a healthy and robust life. One dreads so much to begin the descent of life's hill! Climbing up is exhilarating, because, as the toil increases, the strength grows from more to more. But going down is a very different matter; and we would fain put on the brake if we could, and arrest the course of existence as it speeds onwards to old age.

Folk who are getting old come to have a much livelier sympathy with Doctor Faust than they entertained at an earlier period of their existence. Rejuvenation is regarded as a splendid idea, and the elixir of life seems to present a very reasonable case both in the way of demand and utility. We may depend upon it that, unless human nature very long ago had found the idea of escape from the penalties of old age a highly pleasant one, the Doctor Dulcamaras and other mystics would not have driven a flourishing trade in their pills and potions. But modern life has its elixirs, pastes, pills, polishes, and lotions, to say nothing of false teeth (which are necessary enough, it must be admitted, as aids to digestion), false curls, wigs (advertised as warranted to snow parting of the most natural kind), and even eyebrows. I never glance over the pages of a certain fashionable ladies' newspaper without smiling and sighing over the means which are warranted (and "sent by post, free from observation, securely packed") to make Marguerite present the appearance of refreshing juvenility. But, alas! it is appearance only, after all. There is no rejuvenescence possible for us except in the way of the adornment of the outer man and the external woman. Madame Rachel's arts and devices are still extant, but they do not soar to the heights of Dr. Faust's ambition. For the pastes and powders, and the hair-dyes and wigs, one can but preserve a measure of just scorn. They represent only the feeble attempts of folly to whiten the sepulchre. The old alchemists, on the other hand, one can honour and esteem amid all their crazes. Their studies over their alembics at least attempted in all honesty of purpose the vain task of abolishing age, and of giving back in earnestness to the quivering limbs and aching bones the fire of early life and the elasticity of youth.

I confess these thoughts have been suggested to me by an announcement which recently appeared in the newspapers that Dr. Brown-Séguard, of Paris, a well-known physiologist, had been lecturing in that city on a newly discovered method of renewing our youth. His discourse, says the journals, startled his auditory. One writer adds that it is certain more will be heard of Dr. Brown-Séguard's discovery; but this writer must be a very ingenious newspaper-man. I expect more will be heard of it, and that not much to its credit as a matter of rigid science. A medical newspaper throws some light on the doings of the Parisian expert. Dr. Brown-Séguard, I learn, makes infusions, decoctions, or tinctures, call them what we will, of various parts and tissues of lower animals. These decoctions he is prepared to inject into the human system, probably by aid of a nice little syringe, such as is used to insert morphia or other drugs into the skin. He declares that he has tried the infusions on himself, and, so far, exhibits the true courage of the *savant*. The result, thus far, has been satisfactory—so Dr. Brown-Séguard states, at least. He has experienced symptoms of lightness and increase of vigour. But, after all, may one not say as much for the beneficial effects of a suitable tonic? I wait for further information about these wonderful Parisian extracts for rejuvenating the human frame; but of one thing I am tolerably well assured—namely, that unless Dr. Brown-Séguard can completely alter the human constitution, he need not hope at his best to do more than prolong life to a few years beyond its usual span. This result health-science will itself accomplish; but nothing can alter the stern decree of Nature, that our bodies are not meant to act as perennial and everlasting machines. Getting old and wearing out are just as natural facts of life as is being born or growing to adult life. The vital machinery gets feeble, and refuses to respond to the calls which it fully answered when we were young.

Nor is this all. The oncoming of old age is marked in every feature, organ, and tissue of the body. It is not merely that the hair grows grey and the face wrinkles, but that heart and lungs and brain all show the wearing-out process by unmistakable signs. If never-ending or renewable youth were meant to be a possession of our lives, we should not find the internal signs of getting old stamped as natural symptoms of bodily decay so indelibly upon every tissue. What, for example, does Dr. Brown-Séguard say to the fact that after the age of forty our brain begins slowly and steadily to decrease in size and to lose its substance at the rate of about one ounce in ten years? Does he expect his infusions to replace the lost cerebral matter? I wot not. And there are other considerations which teach us that growing old is not a thing of chance or fate, but a rigid law of existence itself. For the bones lose their animal matter and become more and more brittle as age advances; the blood-vessels undergo a process of lymy degeneration; the heart-fibres become fatty, and the eye undergoes similar changes. The senses become less and less acute, and the muscles respond less readily to their wonted stimulation. It would be strange indeed if, in the nature of vital things, we found our frames otherwise ordered. Even an ordinary machine of man's own making—watch or locomotive alike—wears and tears as the result of its work. Therefore, "getting old" is only a sign of work well done, after all. In truth, there is ample evidence to teach us that he is no philosopher at all who grumbles at age as a fact of life. We may not suppress a sigh and grieve somewhat that the beauty of the early morning has gone, and left the world clad in tints of more sombre hue than met our eyes in the early hours. But the evening has its own delights and its own harmonies; and the wise man sets himself wisely and without undue regrets to enjoy the twilight of life, and to make the most of what remains to him of life's little day.

ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

Mrs. HARRIS.—We note what you say, and will act accordingly. You must not mind mistaken judgments sometimes. Chess editors are timid creatures, and shy at the shadow of a "cook."

B. REYNOLDS.—Such coincidences are by no means rare; the wonder is that they are not more frequent, seeing the resources of chess strategists have almost reached their limit.

JEFF J. ALLEN.—If found correct your last problem shall appear. As we have several two-move positions in hand, however, it may not be published for some little time.

HAROLD KISLINGBURY.—There is no mate when Kt checks, owing to the interposition of the Bishop.

CARSLAKE W. WOOD.—After K to R 2nd, what about R to R sq (ch)?

NOTE.—In Problem No. 2362 a White Pawn should have been placed at White's Q R 4th.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2356 received from P. Ormario (Newcastle), An Old Lady (Petersen, U.S.A.), J. H. Macomber (Vermont); of No. 2357 from J. H. Macomber, P. Ormario, M. A. Beddall; of No. 2358 from A. Bechger, G. J. Yeale, Solersides, H. S. B. A. S. (The Hague), Emil Frau (Lyons); of No. 2359 from John Hudson, B. Reynolds, J. T. Pullen, J. H. Vickers, Bingham, and A. Bechger.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2361 received from J. D. Tucker (Leeds), Bingham, B. Reynolds, Emil Frau, D. McCoy, C. E. Perugini, Rev. Winfield Cooper, R. F. N. Banks, A. B. Scher, Mrs. Baird, E. Winter Wood, R. H. Brooks, Monty, R. Winters, J. H. Vickers, E. London, Hereward, J. Hall, Fr. Fernando, J. T. W. Julia Short, Dr. P. St. E. E. H. A. W. Hamilton Gell, Brutus, Ruby Took, Columbus, and Mrs. Kelly.

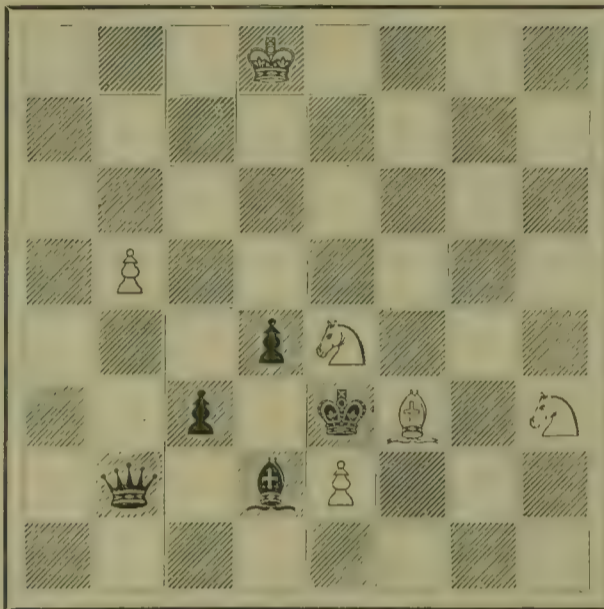
NOTE.—Over a score of solutions have been sent in with the key move 1. K to R 2nd; but such correspondents have overlooked Black's reply, R to R sq (ch).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2359.—By W. GLEAVE.

WHITE.  
1. Q to R 6th  
2. Mates accordingly.

BLACK.  
Any move

PROBLEM No. 2363.  
By H. F. L. MEYER.  
BLACK.



WHITE.  
White to play, and mate in three moves.

INTERNATIONAL CHESS CONGRESS.  
Game played between Messrs. TSCHIGORIN and BURN.  
(King's Gambit)

WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	12.	B to K 3rd
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P	13.	B takes B
3. K Kt to B 3rd	P to K Kt 4th	14.	Q Kt to B 4th
4. B to B 4th	B to Kt 2nd	15.	B to R 3rd
		16.	R to B sq
			P to K R 4th
			Very tame. Castling Q R would be better.
		17.	Q to R 4th
		18.	Q to R 6th
		19.	Q R to K sq
			Bad as this is, there is nothing better. Black's position is hopeless.
		20.	Kt to B 6th
		21.	Kt takes Kt
		22.	R to B 3rd
		23.	R to B 2nd
		24.	R (K sq) takes P
			(ch)
		25.	Q to Kt 7th
		26.	R takes P
			Giving the final stroke.
		26.	R to Q sq
		27.	Q takes B P, and wins.

This defence is not often seen in match-play, the balance of modern opinion being averse to the cramped game it yields Black.

The authorities differ as to the best move here. The "Handbuch" favours that in the text. Mr. Steinitz prefers Kt to Q B 3rd, whilst Kt to K 2nd is not without merit.

White's last few moves form a novel continuation of the attack that has taken Black off his guard and now lands him in difficulties.

Game played between Messrs. BURILL and BIRD.  
(Irregular Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. Burille)	BLACK (Mr. Bird)	WHITE (Mr. Burille)	BLACK (Mr. Bird)
1. P to Q 4th	P to K B 4th		Black has now one of his favourite positions for pushing an attack, and he makes the most of his opportunity.
2. P to Q B 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	17.	P to K B 3rd
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to K 3rd	18.	Kt to Kt 4th
4. P to K 3rd	B to Q Kt 5th		This is a second Kt into the game with powerful effect. We should have rather played Q to K 3rd.
5. Q to Kt 3rd	P to Q B 4th	19.	Q to B 3rd
6. B to Q 3rd		20.	B to Q B sq
	P takes P at once wins a move.		Black must now win, play as White may.
7.	K Kt to K 2nd	21.	B takes Kt
8.	P to Q R 3rd	22.	K to B 2nd
9.	Q takes B	23.	K to K 3rd
10.	P to Q Kt 3rd	24.	K takes Kt
	P to Q 4th might now have been played with advantage, for if P takes P, 11. P takes P, Kt takes P; 12. B to B 4th, Kt to K 2nd; 13. Q to Kt 3rd, B to Kt 2nd; 14. Kt to B 4th, winning a piece.	25.	K to K 3rd
11.	B to Q Kt 2nd	26.	R to B 2nd
12.	P takes P	27.	Q to K B sq
13.	Castles (K R)	28.	Kt to K 2nd
14.	Q R to K sq.	29.	K to K sq
15.	Q to Q 2nd	30.	R takes R
16.	Q to Q B sq	31.	B to B sq
	Again loss of time. The Kt should have been taken, followed by Kt to B 4th.	32.	R takes P
16.	Q to K R 5th	33.	R takes R (ch)
		34.	P to B 5th
			Resigns.

We learn from Mr. W. H. Pollock that, having been appointed Chess Editor of the *Baltimore Sunday News*, he has resolved to remain permanently in the States. By this decision London loses one of its best-known players, whose chief fault was the very pardonable one of extreme brilliancy, and to whose future as a chessplayer admirers of the game looked forward with lively interest.

M. Pasteur has written to the Lord Mayor warmly thanking him for the resolutions passed at the recent Mansion House meeting on the subject of hydrophobia.

Dramatic recitations (in four languages), interspersed with vocal and instrumental music, were given by Mdlle. E. De Hoerschmann, a talented Russian lady, in the Empire Mansions, 14, Bolton-gardens-west, S.W., Earl's Court Station, on July 17.

At a meeting of the Jockey Club it was decided, on the motion of Lord Penrhyn, seconded by Lord Londonderry, to abandon Monday's racing at Newmarket after the present year; a suggestion by Mr. Lowther, on behalf of the stewards, that an additional meeting of three or four days should be established at the end of June or beginning of July being also unanimously accepted.

MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Another important event has been added to the active interest which has made Mr. Augustus Harris's current opera season remarkable almost beyond precedent. On July 13 he produced "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg" for the first time in an Italian version. It is the sixth of Wagner's important stage works, and was first produced at Munich in 1868, having been preceded by "Tristan und Isolde" (1865), "Lohengrin" (1850), "Tannhäuser" (1845), "Der Fliegende Holländer" (1843), and "Rienzi" (1842). Like his other "music-dramas," the book as well as the music of that now specially referred to is by Wagner. It is the only one of his stage works in which the clement of the comic is supposed to enter. The character of Hans Sachs, the burly cobbler-poet, the pedantic Beckmesser, and the heavy Pogner are represented with a sort of ponderous humour which is adequately realised in the music. Altogether, there is much that is characteristic in the musical illustration of the somewhat rough burgher life of the period to which the action belongs (about the middle of the sixteenth century), the music of Eva and of Walter (especially of the former) having some passages of genial sentiment, which are thrown into strong relief by contrast with the exaggerated style of that assigned to the farcical Beckmesser and the realistic nature of many other passages. There is, too, a touch of the genuine antique in the overture and the procession of the turbulent apprentices; and a soothing charm in the music of the prelude to the third act, suggestive of the utter repose of a Sabbath day in Old Germany. Hans Sachs's music is duly ponderous, sententious, and inflated in style; while that of the lover, Walter Von Stolzing, is, perhaps, more distinguished by declamation than by tender sentiment, other parts—including the volatile apprentice, David—being supplied with music more or less in keeping with their respective characteristics. The work was first given in London in its original form by a German company at Drury-Lane Theatre in 1882. In the recent performance at the Royal Italian Opera the character of the heroine, Eva, was represented by Madame Albani, who gave her music with exquisite charm throughout, and was especially successful in the opening scene of the second act, in which, as elsewhere, she was well seconded by Mdlle. Bauermeister as Magdalena. The important part of Hans Sachs was assigned to M. Lassalle, who was alike admirable in its vocal and its dramatic interpretation, having given the music with a dignity suggestive perhaps rather of the poetical than of the humbler aspect of the character. Another fine performance was that of M. J. De Reszké as Walter, whose Prize-songs and other music—especially the impassioned portions—were admirably rendered, combined with a chivalrous bearing in gesture and action. The important music of Pogner was very impressively given by Signor Abramoff, M. Vinogradow having been an excellent Kothner. His sententious delivery of the "Loges Tabulatur" was highly effective. The conceited and farcical Beckmesser found a thoroughly competent representative in M. Isnardon, who gave full effect to the humour of the part without straining it beyond the author's intention; and the volatile David was well embodied by M. Montariol; Signor Miranda and other artists having contributed to the completion of a thoroughly excellent cast. The difficult choral music was finely rendered, as were the elaborate orchestral details; and the office of conductor was fulfilled with appreciative skill by Signor Mancinelli. Under Mr. Augustus Harris's management, it is scarcely necessary to say that costumes and scenic effects are of the best. Mention is due to the rare skill with which Signor Mazzucato has supplied the Italian version from the original German. It is stated that the season will close—as at first announced—on July 27.

An operatic performance was recently given by students of the Royal College of Music at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, where Goetz's "The Taming of the Shrew" was represented. The work (originally entitled "Der Widerspänstigen Zähmung") was first produced at Mannheim in 1874, before the composer had acquired the celebrity which he obtained here by other works, especially by his fine symphony in F. The opera was brought out in 1878, in English, at Drury-Lane Theatre, under the title of the play which had furnished the basis of the German libretto. With much that is interesting in the music, it scarcely realises the humour of the play, and hardly answers to the assumed conditions of comic opera. In the representation now referred to, the characters were sustained by students of the institution just named, whose performances generally manifested much aptitude for the lyric stage, especially those of Miss Maggie Davies as Bianca, Mr. Sandbrook as Petruchio, Mr. Pringle as Hortensio, and Mr. Peach as the Tailor; Miss E. Davies as Katharine and Mr. McGrath as Baptista also deserving commendation. The chorus and orchestra (chiefly students) were efficient, and the performance was ably conducted by Professor Stanford.

Miscellaneous concerts (of which there have been this season an unprecedented number) are now on the decline, fortunately for musical critics, who are sometimes supposed to attend as many as a dozen in a day. The list for present mention shows a welcome diminution. Among recent announcements were those of Signor De Piccollelli (violinist); an entertainment entitled "Songs of the North," conducted by Mr. Malcolm Watson and Mr. Raphael Roche; Madame Dukas's vocal recital; Mr. Harry Williams's concert; and Miss Agnes Huntington's matinée recital in aid of English theatrical charities and the Johnstown sufferers, U.S.A.

The last grand ballad concert of Mr. Sims Reeves, previous to his final farewell, was announced to take place at the Alexandra Palace on July 15.

The death of Signor Bottesini, the eminent contrabassist, is confirmed. He was born at Crema, Lombardy, in 1823, and sang as a choir-boy in the cathedral, having afterwards been a student at the Milan Conservatoire. He soon became celebrated as a performer on the double bass, not only in his own country but also in other parts of Europe and in America, and he made several visits to England, his first appearance in London having been in 1848. He produced various compositions for his instrument, besides works of a more ambitious design; among them being his opera, "Ali Baba," and his oratorio, "The Garden of Olivet," brought out at the Norwich Festival of 1887, and soon afterwards repeated at a concert of the Sacred Harmonic Society in London—conducted by himself on each occasion. Bottesini, indeed, gained much distinction as a conductor, in which capacity he officiated at various important establishments. He will, however, be chiefly known as "the Paganini of the double bass."

Mr. W. Robertson Smith, M.A., of Christ's College, Cambridge, has been elected into Sir Thomas Adams's Professorship of Arabic, in succession to the late Professor Wright.

Mr. Edmund Lumley has been appointed to the Recorder-ship of Grantham, vacant through the appointment of Mr. G. G. Kennedy to be a metropolitan police magistrate; and the Queen has approved of the appointment of Mr. E. U. Bullen, of the Western Circuit, to the Recorder-ship of Southampton, vacant by the death of Mr. Stonhouse-Vigor.

## NEW BOOKS.

*The Battle Abbey Roll, with Some Account of the Norman Lineages.* By the Duchess of Cleveland. Three vols. (Murray).—The Duke of Cleveland's ownership of Battle Abbey, in Sussex, with the family residence there, has prompted the Duchess to undertake an important work of antiquarian research, which her Grace has performed in a manner worthy of high commendation. It is recorded that William the Conqueror, on the day after the memorable battle that made him King of England, called for the "Roll" to be read of the names of the chief men of his army, to note who had been killed, and who survived. This document, with his sword and his coronation robe, was consigned to the keeping of the Abbey founded near the battlefield. In later ages, the "Roll" was often tampered with, by spurious interpolations and falsifications, to suit the purposes of those who wished to prove that "their ancestors had come over with William the Conqueror." At the dissolution of the Monasteries, in Henry VIII.'s time, the house and site of Battle Abbey passed into the hands of private owners. The "Roll," such as it was, disappeared in the last century, and is thought to have been destroyed by a fire. There are three copies, one published by Leland, one by Holinshed, and one printed by Stow, which was afterwards copied by Duchesne, besides other lists of names of the Norman warriors, apparently not taken from the Battle Abbey Roll. The Duchess of Cleveland's endeavour, with several hundred of the ancient Norman names—the full tale of them being 740, taken from the Battle Abbey Roll—is to trace their descendants in England, wherever they were perpetuated in English families of distinction. Very few of those names are now borne by their offspring in the male line; some have been exchanged for the names of their manors, according to a custom much practised in the Middle Ages. Others are entirely lost to research; while many are still found among the peasantry and humble folk; so that in a list of three hundred "navvies," in 1872, there was a large proportion of purely Norman names, several of them baronial and of historical note. The disinherited or impoverished younger branches of great families have naturally tended to fall in the social scale. Numerous variations in the spelling of names have exercised the sagacity of her Grace, who has diligently explored, after Domesday Book, which often gives only the Christian names of landowners, not a few county histories, old charters and local public records, pedigrees of genealogy, peerages, and biographies, yielding a vast quantity of information. Allowing to each family name perhaps one page, half a page, or two or more pages, with a concise treatment of the materials, these three volumes, which are carefully printed, contain a good deal of English, Scottish, and Irish domestic history for eight centuries. The work must have been very laborious, and could not have been so well done without previous attainments in a kind of learning seldom affected by ladies of high rank. It is an offering at the shrine of patriotism which should be acknowledged by all Englishmen who understand that the masterful Norman race, with its adopted Roman-French civilisation, mingled with the duller Saxon stock, has contributed in great measure to the glory and prosperity of our nation, and to the framework of civil society in this kingdom.

*The Henry Irving Shakespeare.* Vols. V. and VI. (Blackie and Son).—This latest and completest work of Shakspearian editorship, in which Mr. F. A. Marshall has been assisted by Mr. Joseph Knight, Mr. Arthur Symonds, Mr. Wilson Verity, the Rev. H. C. Beeching, Mr. H. A. Evans, Mr. Oscar Fay Adams, and other specially competent scholars, while Mr. Henry Irving has contributed valuable suggestions with regard to the acting interpretation and stage management of the plays, maintains its comprehensive plan to the satisfaction of critical readers. The fifth volume contains "All's Well," "Julius Cæsar," "Measure for Measure," "Troilus and Cressida," and "Macbeth"; in the sixth volume we have "Othello," "Antony and Cleopatra," "Coriolanus," and "King Lear." The introduction to each play, consisting of the literary history of its subject, the tales, earlier plays, chronicles, or legends from which it was derived, the history of its stage performances, and some critical examination of its merits, is worthy of perusal as a fresh study of matters already discussed by preceding learned editors of Shakspeare, but which are still capable of being viewed in a new light by further research and original insight. The numerous but concise notes, or passages, or phrases of the text either requiring some explanation, or admitting of apt illustration by reference to other instances, and on proposed emendations or different readings, appear to be most useful. This edition is well adapted to the service of private Shakspeare reading societies; as portions of the speeches and dialogues, which may not conveniently be read aloud in a company of ladies and gentlemen, are marked by conspicuous inclosure within

brackets, and whole scenes which can be omitted to save time, without destroying the interest of the dramatic plot, are likewise indicated by the experienced judgment of Mr. Henry Irving. We should recommend, on such occasions, that one of the reading party, having beforehand carefully studied the introduction to the play chosen, be appointed to give the others a short account of its subject in an easy conversational manner; and that, after the reading of the play, any explanations of obscure passages or allusions, required by any of those present, be obtained by reference to the notes. For this purpose, it seems to us, one copy at least of the "Henry Irving Shakspeare" ought to be in the possession of a society of literary friends who undertake to help each other, by part readings, in the study of our great poet. The engravings, designed principally by Mr. Gordon Browne, while Mr. Maynard Brown and Mr. W. H. Margetson have rendered some assistance, are generally deserving of approval.

prevailed in the Sioux tribe of his adoption. He testifies that the Indians were an innocent and harmless people in those times when the vast herds of bison, called buffalo, literally covered the immense plains, affording them easy subsistence, and when they were not yet demoralised by the vile liquor afterwards sold to them by unscrupulous traders. Mr. Nelson for years made himself quite at home with the tribe, marrying a good many of the chiefs' daughters, being once the husband of three sisters living in the same tent, but his matrimonial experiments usually proved disappointing, as the young wives ran away in his absence, joining themselves to some Indian "buck," and Mr. Nelson was content to let them go their way. He occasionally took an active part in the fights with Pawnees and Utes, and became expert in the chivalrous accomplishment of scalping the vanquished foe. The history of the Mormon settlement on the Great Salt Lake is curiously illustrated by some parts of this narrative, as Mr. Nelson, having served Brigham Young as guide to that place in 1847, accompanied the expedition of United States troops, in 1858, to enforce the authority of the Federal Government. After this he sojourned awhile with the Mormons, in his novitiate as a convert entrusted with the custody of Brother Nathaniel Jones's three wives, cattle, and household, for the salary of forty dollars a month, with good board and lodging. An indiscretion, which may be imagined, soon caused him to leave the Mormon community, escaping with some peril, and he returned down the Platte River to Nebraska, after which he visited Denver, in Colorado, a new miners' town, "red hot, full of gambling hells and grog-shops, and a lively place for murders." We should rather have preferred even Salt Lake City, under the rule of Brigham Young: though polygamy and priestcraft are bad, there are more intolerable heinous crimes in the records of the "Wild West." But Mr. Nelson thought it still better to return to savage life; he took several new "squaws," one after another, as he changed his abode; then he served again in the campaigns of United States troops, as scout, guide, interpreter, and combatant, during several years; went to the gold diggings, traded, speculated, and got money; finally settled, and reared a family in tolerable comfort. There is an air of general truthfulness about his statements with regard to the former condition of the Territories and the population, though many of the personal incidents seem tinged with romance. Mr. Harrington O'Reilly has put the narrative into literary form with no slight talent and skill. M. Paul Frénzeny, a clever artist, well acquainted with the "Wild West" and the Indians, furnishes more than a hundred drawings, full of spirit and character, a few of which are borrowed for this page of our Journal. One represents the Indian funeral custom of placing the dead body of a chief, with his weapons, on a high platform at the top of four poles, watched by female mourners. Among the droll incidents of John Y. Nelson's varied life is that of his employment as junior waiter on board a river steamer on the Missouri, when he could "sling dishes round" with the best of them. The portrait of Spotted Tail, chief of the combined tribes of the Ogallalas and the Brûlés, will be found at the left-hand lower corner; at the opposite corner is the figure of a drunkard embracing a post. Indian women are admiring a "papoose," or baby, fixed up in its mummy-like wrappings, tied to a board for convenience of carriage.

*Wanderings of a War Artist.* By Irving Montagu (W. H. Allen and Co.).—The author of this lively and entertaining narrative of personal experiences and adventures in various strange situations may be remembered by some of our readers as having contributed to *The Illustrated London News*, along with other travelling "Special Artists," sketches of the incidents of warfare in different countries of Europe from 1870 to 1878. Passing by his humorous narrative of his early struggles as a novice in his profession in London, beginning with the humblest tasks of sign-painting at an absurdly small rate of remuneration, the work in which he engaged at the outbreak of the war between France and Germany made him a witness of memorable scenes. He was in Paris during the siege of that city, and during the horrible conflict with the Commune, besides accompanying the brief campaign of General Moquard, between Havre and Rouen; and he saw the orgies of ferocious fanaticism by which enormous havoc and cruelty were perpetrated, till the entrance of the French army on May 28, 1871. In the autumn of 1874, Mr. Irving Montagu betook himself to the North of Spain, as one of our Special Artists employed to furnish illustrations of the Carlist War; and, though comparatively little historical interest belongs to its military actions, he tells many curious and diverting anecdotes of his life in the Basque provinces, at San Sebastian and in the neighbouring country, and his arrest as a spy on the French frontier. He was a shrewd observer, everywhere, of the habits and manners of the people,



ILLUSTRATIONS, BY PAUL FRÉNZENY, OF "FIFTY YEARS ON THE TRAIL"  
(LIFE IN THE WESTERN TERRITORIES OF NORTH AMERICA).

*Fifty Years on the Trail: A True Story of Western Life.* By Harrington O'Reilly (Chatto and Windus).—Admirers of "Buffalo Bill," the cowboys, the Mexicans, and the Red Indians, at the Great American Exhibition between Earl's Court and West Brompton, will read with full credence, and with keen interest, this apparently realistic autobiography of "John Y. Nelson," a man who has knocked about "the Wild West" forty-five years. He is nearly sixty-three years old now, was born in Virginia, ran away to Kansas in his early youth, and became well acquainted with all the countries west of the Missouri, up the Platte River of Nebraska, or northward to Dakota, and over the mountains of Idaho and Colorado, before either the Mormon Hegira to Utah or the gold-diggers' rush to California brought numbers of white men to that now settled region. His anecdotes of those years, which are chronologically reckoned among "the forties," are highly characteristic of the semi-savage life of hunters and trappers and other hardy adventurers, often consorting with the Indians of a friendly tribe, and frequently engaged in fierce conflict with cruel enemies belonging to hostile communities of the native race. It must be confessed that Mr. John Y. Nelson was not a good example of refined and Christian civilisation; but we are willing to give him credit for the virtues of bravery, hospitality, fidelity to his comrades, and reckless generosity, which

some of our readers as having contributed to *The Illustrated London News*, along with other travelling "Special Artists," sketches of the incidents of warfare in different countries of Europe from 1870 to 1878. Passing by his humorous narrative of his early struggles as a novice in his profession in London, beginning with the humblest tasks of sign-painting at an absurdly small rate of remuneration, the work in which he engaged at the outbreak of the war between France and Germany made him a witness of memorable scenes. He was in Paris during the siege of that city, and during the horrible conflict with the Commune, besides accompanying the brief campaign of General Moquard, between Havre and Rouen; and he saw the orgies of ferocious fanaticism by which enormous havoc and cruelty were perpetrated, till the entrance of the French army on May 28, 1871. In the autumn of 1874, Mr. Irving Montagu betook himself to the North of Spain, as one of our Special Artists employed to furnish illustrations of the Carlist War; and, though comparatively little historical interest belongs to its military actions, he tells many curious and diverting anecdotes of his life in the Basque provinces, at San Sebastian and in the neighbouring country, and his arrest as a spy on the French frontier. He was a shrewd observer, everywhere, of the habits and manners of the people,

especially of the ladies and of womanhood in every class of society, and picked up many interesting anecdotes of domestic romance. The narrative of his later experiences, in 1877, as a Special Artist in Serbia, when the Slav national crusade against Turkey led the way to the great Russian invasion of the Ottoman Empire, is also characteristic of those eventful times. This volume, which is adorned with sixty or seventy of Mr. Irving Montagu's sketches, including many not before published, will be found sufficiently entertaining, though no one can read an account of the hideous condition of Paris under the Commune, or the sufferings of the Parisians during the long siege, without feelings of shame and sorrow revived after the lapse of eighteen years.

### RAMBLES IN SURREY.

Of all the rural districts surrounding the metropolis perhaps the county of Surrey is the most beautiful and attractive. Easy of access by rail or road are many lovely spots. Hill and dale, wood and water, combine to form perfect landscapes. Many a pleasant and healthful saunter can be taken over elevated downs and breezy commons, or along umbrageous lanes and by the side of silver streams. These are known only to the expert cyclist, to the sturdy pedestrian, or to the patient angler. They lie off the beaten tracks, but, when found, they amply reward diligent search. The half-holiday on Saturday suffices to discover some of them. Better still is an occasional ramble during a whole day. Best of all is a brief sojourn at some central point, whence the surrounding district may be quietly explored. People who rush off to crowded, inconvenient, and unwholesome lodgings at the seaside would find it cheaper, healthier, and far more agreeable to go to a farmhouse or a cottage near Reigate, Dorking, Guildford, Farnham, Haslemere, or Woking. They would secure pure air and water, healthy food, glorious scenery, and that recuperative restfulness which Dame Nature alone can furnish. Any taste for natural history or for sketching could also be gratified.

In half-an-hour from London Bridge or Victoria a charming region is gained that will repay successive visits. Contiguous to the South Croydon station on the Brighton line is Croyham Hurst, a romantic and wood-covered hill, from which on a clear day Windsor Castle and Burnham Beeches are visible. In the spring there are acres of primroses, followed by anemones and wild hyacinths. Hard by is Shirley Common, the favourite resort of some rare lepidoptera, and bounded by the extensive grounds of Addington Palace, the official residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury. From the Common a pathway leads to Shirley Church—a gem of Sir Gilbert Scott's—and continuing along the road towards Addington, between the pine and fir woods, a bridle path turns off at the left by a cottage, and conducts through sylvan glades to West Wickham. The walk may be continued for

three miles back to Croydon, or to Addiscombe, or to Beckenham, or to Bromley and Hayes Common; from each of which places the rail can be taken back to London.

The route from Croyham Hurst may be varied by bearing to the right, across the old coach-road to Brighton, and by Haling Park to Russell Down, on which breezy eminence stand the Warehousemen and Clerks' Schools. Footpaths over the down lead to Duppas Hill, one of the many open spaces that abound in Croydon, thanks to the sagacity and enterprise of the local authorities; or to Waddon, with its lovely trout stream meandering on to Carshalton and other places that are rapidly becoming London suburbs. From Waddon, a rural lane past the gasworks opens up the way to Mitcham Common. A more extended round may be pleasantly taken from Croyham Hurst by the fields to Sanderstead, through Purley, and over Riddlesdown, where fine geological specimens may be obtained in the chalk-quarries; and down the slope into the valley at the head of which stands Caterham. The South Eastern line runs from there to London, or another spell of five miles over the hills conducts to Nutfield and Redhill Junction.

That point, forty minutes from London, is a convenient starting-place for other rambles to Merstham, Gatton Park, Betchingley, and Reigate. The surroundings of the latter old town, with its famous castle and legendary caves, are lovely in their undulations and foliage; and from the hill, 767 ft. high, a wide panorama is seen. Another interesting and enjoyable trip may be taken from Gomshall Station, on the South Eastern line, along the valley through Shere and A'bury—the seat of the Duke of Northumberland, with the exquisite little Irvingite church built by the late Mr. Henry Drummond, M.P.—to Chilworth and Shalford, a distance in all of five miles. Thence a country lane, steep in places, but shaded, conducts to the summit of the downs, on which is St. Martha's Church, at a height of 530 ft. Looking westward, a fine view is obtained of Guildford and the country beyond. Returning eastwards, along the downs, a descent can be made into the valley, and the railway rejoined at Gomshall. From this place, also, is a romantic walk by Abinger to Wotton, or by Felday to Ewhurst.

Intersecting this route, the Brighton line passes Epsom and Leatherhead to Box Hill. Pedestrians will do well to alight at Leatherhead, and go, by permission, through Norbury Park to Burford Bridge, at the foot of Box Hill. From its summit there is a lovely walk to Reigate. Continuing from Burford Bridge, Dorking is reached in a mile, and then Ranmore Common, 700 ft. high, Deepdene, the Glory Woods, and Holmwood are close by. But the charm of this district is Leith Hill, five miles away, beyond Holmwood. It is the highest elevation in Surrey, being 967 feet, and is the centre of one of the most picturesque districts, where the lover of Nature never wearies of rambling. Another magnificent round, beyond this region, is by the South-Western line to Milford, and then over a romantic and somewhat wild country to Hind-

head, across which the old coach-road passes to Portsmouth. The Royal Huts Inn on the summit is a favourite resting-place. Three miles eastward will bring the wayfarer to Haslemere, past the famous home of the Poet Laureate. Six miles westward lies Farnham, in the heart of the hop district, and on the borders of Hampshire.

Another way of reaching this place is to go by the South-Eastern or the South-Western line to Guildford. After seeing Archbishop Abbot's Hospital, and other places of interest, there is a walk of nine miles along the ridge known as the Hog's Back. The road is bounded on both sides by a broad belt of turf. On the right side are fine views of the Aldershot valley and camp, and, on the left, exquisite peeps of the valley in which nestle various villages and hamlets between Godalming and Farnham. Before reaching the latter town, a détour of five miles will conduct through Moor Park and Waverley, amidst lovely scenes for ever associated with Swift, when he was secretary to Sir William Temple. Of course, a flying visit can only furnish a glimpse of the beauties of such a spot. Fully to appreciate them, it is needful to go again and again, or to spend a few days, or a week or two, in quiet, diligent exploration.

Where, however, time and money have to be studied, much may be accomplished by a wise expenditure of both. Even the longest trips mentioned are within thirty-six miles, and during the summer season cheap excursions are frequent. Most of the places are within a ride of a shilling or two by rail, or they can be reached in two hours by a cyclist. Mention has not been made of those on the western side of Surrey, bordering on the Thames, because they are universally known; but, perhaps this does not apply to the route from Weybridge by Byfleet and St. Anne's Hill—the Home of Fox, the statesman—to Chertsey. Probably, also, not a few need to learn of the beauties of the walk across Banstead Downs, from Epsom to Cheam; or that over Wimbledon Common to Richmond Park, and through that magnificent domain to Richmond town. The view of the Thames from Richmond Hill is known wherever the English language is spoken; for have not poets without number warbled its sweetness, and have not painters exhausted upon it the glamour of their art? W. H. S. A.

An estate on the famous Snowdon, the highest of the Welsh mountains, has been sold by auction. It comprises 1500 acres of land, with cottages and buildings and an hotel, with a rental of £216 10s. The property, the first bid for which was £2000, was sold for £5750.

Speech-day at Highgate School was held on July 10, the Rev. Prebendary Macdowall, D.D., head-master, presiding. The School Exhibitions of the year were awarded to Curtis and Duval; the Governors' Gold Medal to Duval; the Earl of Dartmouth's prizes to Schrader and Byrne; Baroness Burdett-Coutts's to Tansley; the Dyne prizes to Curtis and Mackinnon.



**The Perfumed Realms of Flora.**

Fair Flora, the Goddess of Flowers, one day  
Had summoned her legions around;  
And thus she addressed them in sweet, mellow tones:  
"My wishes let echo resound;  
'Tis my wish to distil from each beautiful flower,  
That peeps from the dew-spangled scene,  
The choicest, the sweetest, the richest of scents,  
And such as are fit for a Queen."

Then the beautiful rose raised its sweet-tinted head,  
And the violet crept from its bed;  
The Jessamine, sweetbriar, lavender, too,  
Their fragrance around her now shed.  
"Now list," said fair Flora; and waving her hand,  
A change came around that fair scene:  
For, bubbling aloft from a fountain of flowers,  
Came gushing the sweet "FLORILINE."

**FLORILINE**  
FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH

Is the best Liquid Dentifrice.  
Cleanses the Teeth,  
Hardens the Gums,  
And purifies the Breath.

Preserves the Teeth by  
Removing parasites, and  
Renders them pearly white.  
Price 2s. 6d. per Bottle, in case.

Of all Chemists and Perfumers.

SOLE PROPRIETORS,  
THE ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG CO. (Limited),  
33, FARRINGTON-ROAD, LONDON.

### ANNOUNCEMENT OF

**PETER ROBINSON'S  
ANNUAL SUMMER SALE**  
NOW PROCEEDING,  
**AT REDUCED PRICES,**  
At the MOURNING WAREHOUSE,  
**256 TO 262, REGENT-STREET.**  
**GREAT BARGAINS**

Will be found in every Department, the  
Goods being considerably Reduced for  
this IMPORTANT SALE.

**MESSRS. HUNT & ROSKELL,**

Late STORR & MORTIMER,

Manufacturing Silversmiths & Jewellers to Her Majesty,

Respectfully solicit an inspection of their newly-enlarged and reconstructed Stock of the finest Brilliant and Gem Ornaments, Pearl Necklaces, &c., selected with the renowned judgment of the Firm, at the closest market prices, also secondhand Diamond and other Gem Jewellery, at the intrinsic value of the Stones alone.

**MASSIVE SILVER AND GOLD PLATE**

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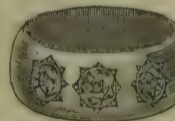
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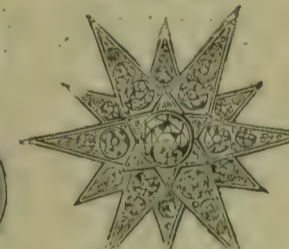
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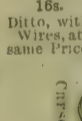
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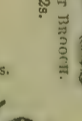
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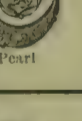
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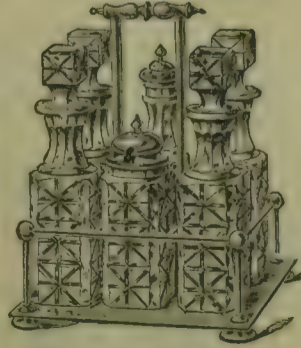
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated June 2, 1879), with two codicils (dated Dec. 31, 1885, and May 12, 1887), of Sir John Ralph Blois, Bart., J.P., D.L., late of Cockfield Hall, Yoxford, Suffolk, who died on Dec. 31, has been proved by the Hon. Joshua Charles Vanneck, Dame Eliza Ellen Blois, the widow, and Sir Ralph Barrett Macnaghten Blois, Bart., the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £200,000. The testator, after confirming his marriage settlement, gives £500 to his wife, Dame Eliza Ellen Blois; £1000 to his brother, Lieutenant-Colonel William Thornhill Blois; £1000 each to his sisters, Lucy Ann Blois and Clara Palmer Blois; £1000 each to Eardley Blois Norton and Miss Sarah Simmonds; and £200 each to George Rose Norton and the Hon. Joshua Charles Vanneck. He devises all his freehold manors, messuages, advowsons, lands, and hereditaments to the use of his son Ralph Barrett Macnaghten Blois, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons according to seniority in tail male, with divers remainders over, but charged with the payment of £200 per annum to each of his children (except his son who shall succeed to the settled estates) till they shall attain twenty-five, or, being a daughter, marry under that age. On their coming of age or marrying as aforesaid, portions of £8000 each are to be raised for them. The residue of his personal estate he leaves to such son as shall become entitled as tenant for life or in tail to the receipt of the rents and profits of the estates before devised.

Letters of Administration, *pendente lite*, of Mr. Frederick Fair, formerly of St. Andrews, N.B., and late of No. 5, Elm Park-gardens, Chelsea, who died on March 9, at Monte Carlo, were granted on July 10 to Amy Juana Harriot Fair, the value of the personal estate being sworn to exceed £64,000.

The will (dated Feb. 29, 1888) of Mr. John Cadbury, late of No. 10, Harborne-road, Edgbaston, Birmingham, who died on May 11, was proved on June 20 at the Birmingham District Registry by George Cadbury and Richard Cadbury, the sons and executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £43,000. The testator gives £500 to his daughter, Maria Fairfax; £1000, upon trust, for his daughter-in-law Agnes, for life, and then to her daughter Agnes; £1000, upon trust, for his granddaughter Agnes; £50 each to the daughters of

his brothers Joel and Benjamin; his house No. 12, Harborne-road, to his son Richard; No. 10, Harborne-road, to his daughter, Mrs. Fairfax; £20 each to the Birmingham Auxiliary of the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Society for Aged and Infirm Women (Birmingham), the Friends' Severn-street Schools and the Friends' Priory-street Schools; £10 each to the Ladies' Temperance League and the Registry and Home for Girls, Birmingham; and legacies to relatives and servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves between his three children, Richard, George, and Mrs. Fairfax, the share of Mrs. Fairfax to be held upon trust, and, with that of his son Richard, to be less by £1200 than the share of his son George.

The will (dated Oct. 22, 1885), with a codicil (dated May 27, 1886), of Mr. Anthony Williams, late of Farnham, Surrey, who died on Feb. 28, has been proved by William Welsby Williams, the son, James Swallow Dodd, the son-in-law, and Henry Goujon, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £36,000. Subject to the bequest of all his furniture, &c., to his children, and £50 to Henry Goujon, the testator leaves all his real and personal estate, as to one eighth thereof, upon trust, for his daughter, Mrs. Eva Dodd, for life, and then, upon further trusts, for her husband and children; one eighth to Mrs. Dodd absolutely; one fourth, upon trust, for his son-in-law, Charles Johnson, and his granddaughter, Mabel Johnson; one fourth, upon certain trusts, for his son Anthony, his wife and children; and one fourth to his son William; but certain sums advanced by testator to them are to be brought into account.

The will (dated Jan. 12, 1889), with a codicil (dated May 20, 1889), of Mr. William Henry Gardner, formerly of No. 80, Gloucester-terrace, Hyde Park, and late of The Hall, Bushey, Herts, and the Junior Athenæum Club, Piccadilly, who died on June 5, was proved on July 4 by Fitzroy Gardner, the son, and the Rev. David Mason Gardner, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £34,000. The testator bequeaths £100, an annuity of £100, and £2700, upon trust, for each of his daughters, Anne and Alice, to be applied for their benefit, at the discretion of his executors; £400 to his daughter Clara; £300 and an annuity of £150 to his daughter Ellen; £150 and an annuity of £150 to his daughter Fanny

Margaret; £900 and all his pictures and paintings to his son Fitzroy; £250 each to his son's wife and his granddaughter; and £100 to each executor. The residue of his property he leaves between his son and his daughters Ellen and Fanny in equal shares.

The will (dated Nov. 10, 1887) of Mrs. Augusta Lucy Gill, late of No. 15, Belgrave-road, Pimlico, widow, who died on June 20, was proved on July 8 by John Carpenter Garnier and Walter Morshead, the executors, the value of the personal estate being sworn to exceed £28,000. The testatrix gives all her Three per Cent Consolidated Bank Annuities to the Hon. Ralph Abercrombie; and her jewels, trinkets, ornaments of person, and wearing apparel to Mrs. Katharine Ourry. The residue of her property she leaves in equal shares between Florence Chichester, John Carpenter Garnier, and Walter Morshead.

The will (dated Dec. 19, 1888) of Captain Thomas Charles Fairfax-Cholmeley, R.N., J.P., late of Brandy Hall, Easingwold, Yorkshire, and Gilling Castle, York, who died on April 11, was proved on June 3 in the District Registry of York by Mrs. Rosalie St. Quintin Fairfax-Cholmeley, the widow, and Hugh Charles Fairfax-Cholmeley, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £8500.

The will (dated April 8, 1879) of Dame Alice Elizabeth Wolseley, late of No. 20, Herbert-place, Dublin, widow, who died on April 25, at Bath, was proved on June 28 by Sir Clement James Wolseley, Bart., the son and sole executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £3000. The testatrix gives everything she dies possessed of to her son.

A Board of Trade return shows a falling off of £34,833 in the value of fish landed on the English coasts in June, compared with June last year, and of £51,018 in the six months ending June 30, compared with the like period of 1881.

During June, according to the report of the Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, 1530 dogs, for which no owners could be found, were sent to the Dogs' Home, and fifty-five were killed in the streets, of which eighteen suffered from rabies, while one dog died from the disorder at the Dogs' Home. As many as 144 persons were bitten.

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**CHOCOLAT MENIER** in ½ lb. and ¼ lb.  
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**CHOCOLAT MENIER.**  
Daily Consumption  
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**CHOCOLAT MENIER.** Paris,  
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Send name and county to CULLETON'S Heraldic  
Office. Painting in heraldic colours, 7s. 6d. PEDIGREES  
TRACED. The correct colours for liveries. Arms of husband  
and wife blended. Crests engraved on seals and dies. Book-  
plates engraved in medieval and modern styles. Signet rings,  
1s. 6d. each, from 42s.—25, Cranbourn-street, London, W.C.

**CULLETON'S GUINEA BOX OF CRESTED**  
**STATIONERY.**—A Half-ream of BEST QUALITY paper  
and SQUARE ENVELOPES, all stamped in COLOUR with  
Crest or Address. No charge for engraving steel die. Wedding  
and Invitation Cards. A card-plate and 50 best Visiting  
Cards, 2s. 8d.—T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver, 25, Cranbourn-  
street (corner of St. Martin's-lane), London, W.C.

**SHIRTS.—FORD'S EUREKA SHIRTS.**  
Special to measure.  
30s., 40s., 45s., the half-dozen.  
Illustrated Self-Measure post-free.  
RICHARD FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

**OLD SHIRTS** Refronted, Wrist and Collar  
Banded, the linen, three for 6s.; Superior, 7s. 6d.; Extra  
Fine, 9s. Send three (not less) with cash. Returned ready for  
use, carriage paid.—R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

**EGIDIUS.**—The only FLANNEL SHIRTS  
that never shrink in washing, not if washed 100 times.  
Elastic, soft as silk, two for 21s.; Extra Quality, two for 27s.  
Carriage free. Write for Patterns and Self-Measure to  
R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

**EGIDIUS TENNIS FLANNEL SHIRTS**  
never shrink in washing, white and fancy colours,  
7s. 6d., 9s. 6d., 11s. 6d.; elastic, soft as silk, 13s. 6d. Self-measure  
and patterns free by post.  
R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

**EGIDIUS.—GENTLEMEN'S UNDER-  
VESTS.** 32 to 45 in. chest; Pants to match, 32 to 52  
waist. Vests, 2s. 6d. to 6s. 9d. each; Pants, 2s. 6d. to 6s. 9d.  
Half-Hose, 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 9s. 6d. the half-dozen. Self-  
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**ANTIBILIOUS**

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**COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.**  
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FOR INDIGESTION.

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FOR HEARTBURN.

**TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE** is the only  
thoroughly harmless SKIN POWDER. Prepared by an  
experienced Chemist, and constantly prescribed by the most  
eminent Skin Doctors. Post-free. Sent for 14 or 36 penny  
stamps. MOST INVALUABLE.  
J. TAYLOR, Chemist, 13, Baker-street, London, W.

**HOOPING-COUGH.**  
**ROUP.**

**ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROCATION.**  
The celebrated effectual cure without  
internal medicine. Sole Wholesale Agents, W.  
EDWARDS and SON, 157, Queen Victoria-street, London,  
whose names are engraved on the Government Stamp.  
Sold by most Chemists. Price 4s. per Bottle.

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MAPLE and CO., Manufacturers.

MAPLE and CO., Timber Merchants.

**MAPLE and CO.'S BED-ROOM SUITES**  
are manufactured from timber which they have them-  
selves imported and stacked in their yards till thoroughly  
dry and well seasoned. The soundness of the woods, as well  
as the workmanship, can thus be ensured.—MAPLE and CO.,  
Timber Importers and Manufacturers. Trade supplied.

**MAPLE and CO. Inexpensive BED-ROOM**  
**SUITES.** For smaller and secondary rooms. The variety  
is most extensive, comprising suites very prettily painted and  
decorated in artistic colourings, as well as many others in hard  
polished woods. Prices range from £3 10s. to £10 10s.

**BED-ROOM SUITES.**

**BED-ROOM SUITES.**—For suites at a  
moderate price, ash and walnut are particularly recom-  
mended, as they are not only pretty and fashionable woods,  
but also very durable, and well adapted to stand the test of  
daily use in a variable climate.

**MAPLE and CO.—Medium price BED-  
ROOM SUITES.** ranging from 10 to 35 guineas. These  
grades, in which Maple and Co. are able to offer exceptional  
value, comprise well-made suites in walnut, ash, satin walnut,  
light and dark oak, and other woods, as well as in pine and  
decorated enamel. Many of the suites have quaint and  
original arrangements of cupboards and shelves, affording  
artistic effects much liked.

**BEDSTEADS** From 8s. 9d.

**BEDSTEADS** to 65 guineas.

**MAPLE and CO. have seldom less than**  
Ten Thousand BEDSTEADS in Stock, comprising some  
600 various patterns, in sizes from 2ft. 6in. to 5ft. 6in. wide,  
ready for immediate delivery—on the day of purchase, if  
desired. The disappointment and delay incident to choosing  
from designs only, where but a limited stock is kept, is thus  
avoided.

**MAPLE and CO.—300 BRASS and IRON**  
**BEDSTEADS.** fitted with bedding complete, in show-  
rooms to select from. Strong iron bedsteads from 8s. 6d. to  
10 guineas; brass bedsteads from 70s. to 40 guineas; 10,000  
in stock.—Tottenham-court-road, London; and Paris.

**TWO NOVELTIES for 1889.**

**CARPETS WOVEN in SQUARES.**

**CARPETS WOVEN by NEW LOOMS.**  
MAPLE and CO. have much pleasure in introducing  
two novelties in Square Carpets, in which the appearance and  
durability of the fabric is greatly improved, while the cost is  
considerably lessened. BRUSSELS and WILTON SQUARE  
CARPETS have hitherto been made by the different widths  
being sewn together, and then a border being added. This  
has occasioned a number of joints, besides great waste in  
matching.

**SEAMING and ALL WASTE AVOIDED.**  
By the new looms this waste is obviated, and the Carpets  
will wear better, as the ridges at the seams will be dispensed  
with. By one of the new looms carpets can be woven any  
ordinary length and 12ft. wide without seam, thus introducing  
a new era in carpet weaving.

**PARQUET WILTON CARPETS.**

**PARQUET BRUSSELS CARPETS.**  
Purchasers of these new carpets will not only have the  
advantage of enhanced effect and increased durability; but,  
the waste in "matching" being avoided, the exact quantity of  
material paid for will be found in the carpet, and can be  
measured up on the floor.

**MAPLE and CO. are now showing these**  
New Productions in a great variety of designs and  
colourings, in different sizes, and strongly recommend them  
to the notice of their patrons and friends who are about buy-  
ing carpets.—MAPLE and CO., Warehouse for Carpets of  
English Manufacture.

## MAPLE &amp; CO.

INEXPENSIVE NOVELTIES.

**ARTISTIC FURNITURE,** substantially  
made, but quite inexpensive. In arranging for their  
new productions, Maple and Co. have studied especially to  
meet the requirements of those who, while desiring to furnish  
in good taste, do not wish to incur great expense.

**DINING-ROOM FURNITURE.**

**INEXPENSIVE SUITES.**

MAPLE and CO.'S Dining-room Furniture, even in the  
least costly grades, will be found well made and finished, and  
of a most substantial character. Scratched-made suites, with  
comfortable elbow-chairs, in leather, from 8 guineas. An  
immense variety always on show, ready for immediate  
delivery.

**DRAWING-ROOM FURNITURE.**

**INEXPENSIVE FURNITURE.**

The assortment of Drawing-room Furniture comprises  
every variety of comfortable stuffed Easy Chairs, at from 24s.  
each; Couches, at from 50s.; pretty Occasional Chairs, Tables,  
Ornamentals, Cabinets and Writing Tables, all at most  
moderate prices; as well as complete suites in tapestry, velvet,  
Mogadore cloth, and silks, at from 10 guineas upwards.

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**DRAWING-ROOM FURNITURE.**

**MAPLE and CO.—DRAWING-ROOM**  
**FURNITURE.**—The Drawing-room and Boudoir afford  
greater scope than any other parts of the home for the ex-  
pression of individual taste and preference, and in furnishing  
them it is essential that the harmony of style, texture, and  
colouring should be unbroken. These rooms, in fact, are  
indices to the refinement and good taste of the lady of the  
house.

**NEW DESIGNS in CRETONNES.**

**CRETONNES.**—The New Cretonnes exhibit  
unique effects in imitation of old Florentine cut velvets,  
while others are reproductions of Indian, Egyptian, and  
Moorish, as well as Louis XIV. and LOUIS XVI. designs,  
invaluable for wall decorations, draperies, or curtains.—  
MAPLE and CO., London and Paris.

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**MAPLE and CO. invite an Inspection of**  
their magnificent Collection of Ornamental and Useful  
Articles, suitable for Birthday, Wedding, and Complimentary  
Presents, which will be found to be the best and most com-  
plete in London.

**MAPLE and CO.—PICTURES, OIL**  
**PAINTINGS, and WATER COLOURS,** by rising  
artists; also Etchings, Engravings, and Photogravures.  
Statuary, modern and from the antique, by celebrated Italian  
sculptors. A magnificent collection on view.

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**FURNITURE for EXPORTATION.**

**HUNDREDS of THOUSANDS of POUNDS'**  
worth of manufactured GOODS ready for immediate  
delivery. All goods marked in plain figures for net cash—a  
system established fifty years.—MAPLE and CO., Tottenham-  
court-road, London, and Paris. Catalogues free.

**VISITORS as well as MERCHANTS are**  
INVITED to inspect the LARGEST FURNISHING  
ESTABLISHMENT in the WORLD. Hundreds of thousands  
of pounds' worth of Furniture, Bedsteads, Carpets, Curtains,  
&c., all ready for immediate shipment. Having large space,  
all goods are packed on the premises by experienced packers;  
very essential when goods are for exportation to insure safe  
delivery. The reputation of half a century.

**MAPLE and CO., Upholsterers by Special**  
Appointment to her Majesty the Queen. The reputa-  
tion of half a century. Factories: Beaumont-place, Euston-  
road; Southampton-buildings; Liverpool-road; Park-street,  
Islington, &c.—Tottenham-court-road, London; Paris,  
Smyrna, Buenos Ayres.

## GOODWOOD RACES.

JULY 31 and 31, and AUG. 1 and 2.

## ROYAL NAVAL REVIEW.

AUG. 3.

**GENERAL ARRANGEMENTS.**  
SATURDAY, JULY 27, and MONDAY, JULY 29, SPECIAL  
FAST TRAINS FROM VICTORIA, for Fulbourn, Arundel,  
Littlehampton, Hognor, Drayton, Chichester, Havant, South-  
sea and Portsmouth (for the Isle of Wight).

**SPECIAL TRAINS for SERVANTS, HORSES, and**  
**CARTRIDGES only,** will leave VICTORIA, SATURDAY,  
JULY 27, at 7.45 a.m. and 6.30 p.m., and MONDAY, JULY 29,  
at 6.40 a.m., 7.45 a.m., and 6.30 p.m.

Horses and Carriages for the above Stations will not be  
conveyed by any other Trains from Victoria on these days.  
**ON ALL FOUR DAYS OF THE RACES**  
A SPECIAL TRAIN (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class) will leave  
Victoria 7.30 a.m., Kensington 7.30 a.m., London Bridge 7.30 a.m.,  
Return Fares, 2s. 6d., 1s. 6d., and 10s. 10d.

A SPECIAL FAST TRAIN (1st and 2nd Class) will leave  
Victoria 9 a.m., Kensington 8.40 a.m., and London Bridge  
9.5 a.m. Return Fares, 2s. and 2s. 6d.

AN EXTRA SPECIAL FAST TRAIN (1st Class only) will  
leave Victoria 9.45 a.m. Return Fares, 3s. 9d.  
Fast Trains at Ordinary 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class Fares leave  
London for Portsmouth, Southampton, and the Isle of Wight  
every weekday as under:—

From Victoria, 6.35 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 11.35 a.m., 1.45 p.m., 3.55 p.m.,  
and 4.55 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction.  
From Kensington (Addison-street), 6.55 a.m., 10.15 a.m., 11.15 a.m.,  
1.26 p.m., 3.41 p.m., and 4.24 p.m., calling at West Brompton.  
From London Bridge, 6.45 a.m., 10.25 a.m., 11.40 a.m., 1.50 p.m.,  
4 p.m., and 4.55 p.m.

On Saturday, Aug. 3, there will be no connection between  
these Trains and the Isle of Wight after the First Train from  
London until the 4.55 p.m. from Victoria and London Bridge.  
For the convenience of the General Public leaving London  
for the Review on the morning of Saturday, Aug. 3, Extra  
Special Trains are required to leave Victoria, 6.20 a.m., 7.50 a.m.,  
and 10.30 a.m., and London Bridge, 6.30 a.m., 7.50 a.m., and  
10.30 a.m., for Portsmouth.

TICKETS may be obtained previously at the London Bridge  
and Victoria Stations, and at the West-End General Offices,  
28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel-buildings,  
Trafalgar-square; which offices will remain open till 10 p.m.  
on July 26, 27, 28, 29, and 31, and Aug. 1 and 2.

(By Order) A. SARKIS, Secretary and General Manager.

## SUMMER SERVICE OF TRAINS BY THE WEST COAST

ROYAL MAIL ROUTE.

NEW DAY EXPRESS, LONDON AND ABERDEEN.

**LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN AND**  
**CALEDONIAN RAILWAYS.**—The following ADDI-  
TIONAL and ACCELERATED TRAIN SERVICE is now in  
operation; 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class by all trains:—

Leave	Arrive	Leave	Arrive	Leave	Arrive	Leave	Arrive
London (Euston)	5 17	7 15	10 30	10 30	7 45	8 0	8 50
Edinburgh (Pr.-st.)	3 51	5 50	6 31	7 50	10 1	—	6 50
Glasgow (Central)	4 4	6 0	6 42	7 55	10 18	—	5 50
Greenock	5 36	7 18	7 36	9 14	10 56	—	7 5
Gourock	5 52	7 38	7 43	9 24	11 5	—	7 15
Oban	9 22	—	—	10 44	12 5	—	10 12
Perth	6 4	—	—	8 51	10 36	—	8 51
Dundee	7 35	—	—	9 35	10 40	—	

## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Dresses for Goodwood, and then for the moors, the seaside, and the German "Bad," are engaging the attention of the people "who dress" just at present—in other words, the London season is very nearly over. There are many, even amongst wealthy women, to whom may be applied the phrase seriously uttered to me by a dressmaker about a lady of high rank and conspicuous position—"Madame, the Marchioness of Blank does not dress, she clothes herself only." The women who are content to do this are, however, a minority, and what between the costumes I have seen lately at the various functions in connection with the Shah's visit, and those which I have just been inspecting at the great modistes' in preparation for the coming fashionable events, I feel somewhat appalled at the extravagance of women in dress. The reflection is forced upon one—How immense must be the sum spent by a few thousand women on gowns, each to serve only for a few days' wear, while hundreds of thousands of others, as naturally eager for grace and beauty, are denied all the charm of freshness and decoration in costume, and vast numbers more can scarcely clothe themselves decently! Elegance and even luxury in dress for people who are well-off are admissible. But this is not the same thing as waste. When I see one woman in half-a-dozen different gowns in the course of as many days, I ask myself what legitimate purpose—what conceivable purpose except vulgar display of wealth—can such wastefulness serve, and how much better might she not have employed the money so squandered?

Such lavishness cannot, at all events, claim the countenance of one who is not only almost the highest, but by common consent also one of the best-dressed women in the land. The Princess of Wales seldom wears very costly attire in the daytime, and she goes on wearing her dresses as long as they look nice. I have repeatedly seen her at intervals during two successive seasons in the same gown; and at an important ceremony in the Jubilee year her Royal Highness appeared in a striking costume of green velvet brocade with strawberries in their natural colour, which she had worn new in Ireland two years earlier. With regard to her daughters, simplicity has been carried to its utmost limit in their costume. But, in point of fact, dressing beyond what elegance and refinement demand, and dressing for the sake merely of showing how many and how expensive one's new gowns can be, is essentially vulgar; and gross and wasteful extravagance in this respect is no more truly "ladylike" than it is morally justifiable.

But the more reasonable a woman is about her dress expenditure, the more needful it is that she should pay due attention to having what she does purchase to suit her, and made in accordance with the mode. Otherwise, she soon gets dowdy and conspicuously unfashionable, or tires of her things. It is a penance of no mean description to wear what one feels is either out of style or unbecoming. That is a sensation as trying to the temper as it is distracting to the intellectual and social faculties. By all means, then, let us know what the fashions are and how they are veering, and let us try to discover what suits our faces and figures, and "see that we get it." This is quite another matter from the reckless ordering of eternal new clothes, and wearing something fresh on every occasion of display, regardless of the fact that this means throwing aside costly clothes scarcely worn.

Well, these spendthrifts will not have one new gown the less for my preaching! But the exceptional dressing of the past few weeks has made me moralise, and reflect within myself on the proper limits of such expenditure, and of attention to Fashion's changes. That some artistic care and reasonable cost are desirable to secure all that dress can give of grace and charm, is clear. So now to information after the exordium.

Lady Salisbury's garden party presented a brilliant spectacle, though the day was dull; nevertheless, the costumes were the acme of fashion and good taste. The extraordinary popularity of white this season is one of the most marked features of fashion perceptible at such a gathering. A great many maidens and matrons alike appeared in the spotless garb that once was held sacred to sweet and twenty. Pongee silk, foulard, bengaline, embroidered muslin, veiling, thin cashmere, and alpaca were all well worn in white. Foulards in all manner of delicate colours appeared. Some of the patterns are getting very curious. A gown of Empire make, with high belt, and sleeves puffed above and tight-fitting below the elbow, was of foulard with a biscuit-coloured ground patterned with black butterflies, and worn with a black velvet sash and three rows of narrow black velvet ribbon round the skirt; black lace hat with pale yellow roses. Another peculiar pattern was all tiny broad-brimmed Tuscan hats, natural colour, with streamers of yellow ribbon and trimmings of pink roses, laid upon a white ground. Each hat was about four inches in diameter, and the effect was most striking—you could not pass it by. This gown was made with a round pleated body from shoulder to waist on one side and a white moiré rever on the other side of the front, with narrow moiré sash fastened with a diamond arrow brooch. Another pretty combination in foulard was a white polonaise, turned back with mauve revers, wide at the bust and the foot and narrowing to the waist, over a pale-green foulard petticoat in accordion pleats.

Grey, pale yellow, and tender pink appear to predominate in the gowns preparing for wear. Grey and pink is a charming combination, and green and pink, though trite, is always pleasing. A feature of the moment is the wearing of large cravats, and where the dress is all or almost all of one colour these are effectively used to give a touch of variety. Lady Londonderry was lately seen in a pale grey bengaline with no other relief than a cravat of pink *crêpe de chifon* and a bonnet of pink roses. A pretty gown was of white voile with a cashmere shawl bordering, appearing only at the bottom of the skirt, and as collar and cuffs, while a great cravat of red *crêpe*, the colour predominant in the border, gave a *chic* effect. These bows require making extremely well, and dressmakers are sending home two or three of them with dresses intended to be worn with such an addition. Another freak of the hour is the development of the floral bonnet which has been so popular all the summer: I say the development, but it is in detail an atrophy, as indeed much development is. The crown has vanished, and the bonnet consists merely of a wreath of flowers, passing like a tiara round the top hair: when the hair is pretty, the effect is perfectly charming, but of course the thing is useless as a protection for the head, and a parasol must be kept up all the time.

Toque hats, with the crowns of rose stems or honeysuckle branches interplaited, trimmed with a few flowers to match, and permitting the hair to be seen between the interstices of the shape, are of the same order. Hats in general, however, are being made very large for the country, the brims being

twisted and caught up in all manner of fantastic ways to suit the face. Leghorn is very popular for shapes, and next comes gold or plain wire, with tulle, net, *crêpe*, or lace gathered closely over, the wire showing through. It is being made a point just now to have the flowers for trimming hats and bonnets precisely those that are naturally in season. Thus the roses that have ruled lately are being replaced on the newest chapeaux by poppies, cornflowers, "what's-o'clocks," marguerites, and pansies. FLORENCE FENWICK MILLER.

## THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

The list of appointments of officers to ships to be commissioned for the naval manœuvres has been completed, the following officers having been appointed to the command of the respective vessels:—

*Sheerness Command.*—Arethusa, Captain George H. Boyes; Australia, Captain Henry H. Boys; Cyclops, Commander Alexander M. Gardiner; Grasshopper, Lieutenant and Commander (T.) Paul W. Bush (lent); Hydra, Commander George L. Poë; Immortalité, Captain Richard H. Hamond; Medusa, Captain Edward H. M. Davis; Mersey, Captain Henry Rose; Mohawk, Commander Randolph F. O. Foote; Narcessus, Captain Gerard H. U. Noel; Northampton, Captain Alexander P. Hastings, C.B.; Slaney, Lieutenant and Commander Harry D. Law; Tartar, Commander George N. A. Pollard; Treat, Lieutenant and Commander George E. Richards.

*Portsmouth Command.*—Camperdown, Captain Richard D. King (lent); Collingwood, Captain Robert H. Harris; Galatea, Captain Arthur C. H. Paget; Glatton, Captain John E. Stokes; Hero, Captain John Fellows, C.B.; Howe, Captain Compton E. Domville, A.D.C. (lent); Inflexible, Captain Charles C. P. Fitzgerald; Iris, Captain Frederick R. Boardman, C.B. (lent); Magicienne, Captain Wollaston C. Karslake; Marathon, Captain John G. Jones; Medina, Lieutenant and Commander Henry K. Gregson; Medway, Lieutenant and Commander John Masterman; Melpomene, Captain John R. E. Pattison (lent); Mercury, Captain Charles Johnstone; Spey, Lieutenant and Commander Cecil F. Foley; Tees, Lieutenant and Commander John W. Brown.

*Devonport Command.*—Aurora, Captain Thomas S. Jackson; Black Prince, Captain Atwell P. M. Lake (lent); Conqueror, Captain Henry F. Cleveland (lent); Forth, Captain Swinton C. Holland; Gorgon, Captain Arthur D. Fanshawe (lent); Hecla, Commander Barton R. Bradford; Inconstant, Captain John B. Warren; Prince Albert, Commander Hon. Edward T. Needham; Raccoon, Commander George F. King Hall; Sandfly, Lieutenant and Commander (T.) Frederick T. Hamilton (lent); Serpent, Commander Francis Powell; Sharpshooter, Lieutenant and Commander (T.) Hon. Alexander E. Bethell (lent); Spider, Lieutenant and Commander (T.) Douglas A. Gamble; Thames, Captain Charles L. Oxley; Undaunted, Captain Martin J. Dunlop.

On the arrival of the German Emperor off Portsmouth, in the Imperial yacht Hohenzollern, on the afternoon of Friday, Aug. 2, the Prince of Wales, representing the Queen, will go out of Portsmouth Harbour in the Royal yacht Osborne, to await in the vicinity of the Nab the appearance of the German squadron, which, on reaching the Owers light-ship, will be conducted by Staff-Captain Phillips and a Government pilot towards the Solent. At the Nab the Prince will proceed on board the Hohenzollern and welcome the Emperor. After the German Royal yacht has passed the light-ship the three long lines of British men-of-war, stretching to the vicinity of the Royal palace at Osborne, will become gay with bunting, the German standard being, of course, prominent at the main of each ship, and as the German fleet proceeds through the lines a Royal salute will be fired. The Emperor's yacht and his squadron of war-vessels will anchor off Osborne Bay. The Imperial yacht and the German squadron will come to anchor in Dover Bay on the evening of Aug. 1, when Count Hatzfeldt and the German Ambassador will go on board the Hohenzollern.

The Emperor is expected to remain the Queen's guest at Osborne until Aug. 7, when he will pay a visit to Aldershot, to witness the review of the troops.

## THE MANUFACTURING

## GOLDSMITHS' &amp; SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY

Show-Rooms: 112, REGENT-STREET, LONDON, W. (Adjoining Stereoscopic Company)

Supply the Public direct at Manufacturers' Cash Prices, saving Purchasers from 25 to 50 per Cent.

## HIGH-CLASS JEWELLERY.

The Stock of Bracelets, Brooches, Earrings, Necklets, &c., is the largest and choicest in London, and contains designs of rare beauty and excellence not to be obtained elsewhere, an inspection of which is respectfully invited.

## ORIENTAL PEARLS.

Choice strung Pearl Necklaces, in single, three, or five rows, from £10 to £5000; also an immense variety of Pearl and Gold-mounted Ornaments, suitable for Bridesmaids and Bridal Presents.

## PEARL and DIAMOND ORNAMENTS.

A magnificent and varied collection to select from.

## BRIDAL PRESENTS.

Special attention is devoted to the production of elegant and inexpensive novelties suitable for Bridesmaids' Presents. Original designs and estimates prepared free of charge.

## WEDDING PRESENTS.

An immense variety of inexpensive articles, specially suitable for presents. Every intending purchaser should inspect this stock before deciding elsewhere, when the superiority in design, quality, and price will be apparent.

## REPAIRS and REMODELING OF FAMILY JEWELS.

The Company undertake the Repair of all kinds of Jewellery and the Remounting of Family Jewels. Great attention is devoted to this branch of their business, and designs and estimates are furnished free of charge.

## COMPLIMENTARY PRESENTS.

## CAUTION.—The Company

regret to find that many of their Designs are being copied in a very inferior quality, charged at higher prices, and inserted in a similar form of advertisement, which is calculated to mislead the public.

They beg to notify that their only London retail address is 112, REGENT-STREET, W.

**WATCHES.**—Ladies' and Gentlemen's Gold and Silver, most accurate timekeepers, at very moderate prices.

**CLOCKS.**—A large assortment, suitable for travelling or for the dining-room, drawing-room, &c., from 20s. to £100.

## PARIS EXHIBITION.

The Company direct the attention of Visitors to their Exhibit, pronounced by the Press to be the most important and interesting in the British Section.

"THE TIMES," May 7:

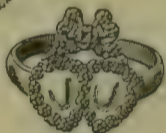
"The Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company's collection of jewels, the low prices of which, combined with admirable taste, seem to defy competition."

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST-FREE.

Goods forwarded to the Country on approval.



Fine Gold and Pearl Bracelet, £25 5s.



Fine Pearl and Diamond Double Heart and Tie Ring, £18 10s.



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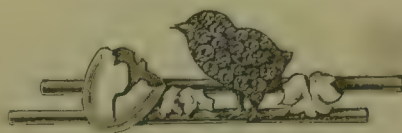
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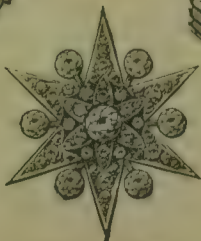
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“**So Clean**”



*From the Painting by W. P. FRITH, A.R.A., Exhibited at the Royal Academy, London, 1889; the property of the Proprietors of "SUNLIGHT SOAP."*

**SIR CHARLES A. CAMERON, M.D.,**

Ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Vice-President of the Institute of Chemistry of Great Britain, Chief Medical Officer of Health for Dublin, S Sc C. Cambridge University, Member of the College of Physicians, Professor of Hygiene and Chemistry, Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland, Hon. Mem. Societies of Hygiene, Paris, Bordeaux, and Belgium, Laboratory, Royal College of Surgeons, Stephen's Green, W., Dublin, reports:—

February 15, 1888.—I have carefully analysed specimens of the "SUNLIGHT SOAP" submitted to me for that purpose by Messrs. Lever Brothers, Warrington, and the following are the results at which I have arrived:—\* \* \* The points in the composition of this Soap that are most valuable are its freedom from free alkali, the large percentage of fatty acids which it contains, and the purity of the materials employed in its preparation. EMPLOY THE SOAP FOR MY OWN TOILET PURPOSES, and from my actual experience of it can strongly recommend it.

(Signed) CHARLES A. CAMERON.

## THE WIMBLEDON MEETING.

The thirtieth annual meeting of the National Rifle Association at Wimbledon was opened on July 8. The University of Oxford won the Humphrey Cup, and the Auxiliary forces beat the Regulars by 45 points for the trophy. The event of the match was the score of Captain Lamb, 40th Regiment, who beat the Wimbledon record, making, at the three distances of 800, 900, and 1000 yards, within five of the highest possible.

The chief event on the 9th was the shooting at the 200-yards range for the Queen's Prize. Four competitors made 34 points, and twenty-two others scored 33.

A strong and variable wind played havoc with the marksmen on the 10th, when shooting for the Queen's Prize at the 500-yards range. There were, however, many excellent scores made, two competitors achieving the distinction of scoring the highest possible—35.

There was a decided improvement in the weather on the 11th, and the sunshine materially contributed to the social attractions of the meeting. Major Frost and the members of the Massachusetts Volunteer Militia rifle team had an "At Home" in their camp, which was attended by Lord and Lady Wantage, Earl Waldegrave, and several members of the Council of the N.R.A. The bronze medal given to the winner of the first place among the Queen's Three Hundred at Wimbledon was gained by Private Rippon, 2nd V. B. Essex, with a total of 99. Colour-Sergeant Shepherd, 4th Middlesex, was second, with 97. For the Martin's Cup, shot for with Martini-Henry rifles at 600 yards, Sergeant McLennan, of Inverness, made a highest possible score, and in firing off three tie-shots followed with an inner and two bulls, thus winning the cup, Private Rennie, 3rd Lanark; Le Sauvage, of the Guernsey Militia;

and Sergeant Willie, 2nd Somerset, coming next with 34 points each.

There was an exceedingly keen competition on the 12th for the St. George's Challenge Vase. Ten highest possibles were made. Eventually the winner for the year proved to be Sergeant Lowson, Lanark, who scored ten bull's-eyes in succession, and took the Vase, Dragon Cup, Gold Jewel, and £30. The English Twenty held their annual meeting in the bell tent in the evening, the American visitors being present.

The shooting for the Queen's Prize advanced a further stage on the 13th, when the competition for places in the "Hundred" was exceedingly keen. Ultimately the Silver Medal was won by Private Wattleworth, 2nd Liverpool, with a total of 205; Major Heap, 2nd Manchester, being second with 200, and Private Rippon, the Bronze Medallist, third, with a similar number. The shooting for the Prince of Wales's Prize was completed at the longest range, Private Hayhurst, of the 1st Volunteer Battalion Royal Lancashire, being the winner of the badge and £100. Lancashire won the China Cup and the Belgian Cup. Between five and seven o'clock Lord and Lady Wantage held a reception at the Cottage, and the visitors included her Royal Highness the Duchess of Teck and Princess Victoria of Teck.

The Bishop of London preached in the Umbrella Tent on Sunday, the 14th, to a large and fashionable audience.

On the 15th the International Challenge Trophy—competed for by twenties of Volunteers representing England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales—was won by England with a score of 1748; Scotland being second with 1709; Wales third, with 1681; and Ireland fourth, with 1678. The Lancashire team took first prize in the Mullens competition. St. Bartholomew's and St. Thomas's were the only teams that appeared for the

Hospitals competition, St. Thomas's winning by 332 points, against 325 scored by their opponents. The weather was showery, and there was a strong wind blowing, so that good scores were somewhat scarce.

After a very keen contest on the 16th Sergeant Reid, 1st Lanark Engineers, carried off the Queen's Prize at Wimbledon, with a total of 281, being one more than the winning score of last year, and also one above the total of his nearest competitor, Major Pearse, 4th Devon. Private Jones, 1st Royal Welsh Regiment, came next with 272. The Duke of Cambridge inspected the Canadian team in their camp, and addressed a few words of welcome to them.

The Portrait of Mrs. Gladstone on our front page is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

In most of the leading thoroughfares of the metropolis on July 13 collections were made by ladies and young girls on behalf of the Hospital Saturday Fund.

The competition for the Charles Lucas Medal at the Royal Academy of Music was decided on July 13, the prize being awarded to Miss Ethel M. Boyce.

The Lord Mayor opened on July 13 the new schools which the Tottenham School Board has erected at Noel Park, Wood-green, at a cost of £13,000, for the accommodation of 1500 children.

The Board of Trade have awarded a piece of plate to Mr. B. H. Danielssen, master of the German steamship Setes, in recognition of his humanity and kindness to the shipwrecked crew and passengers of the British steamship Cotopaxi, of Liverpool, which stranded in or near Smyth's Channel (Gulf of Trinidad) on or about April 15 last.

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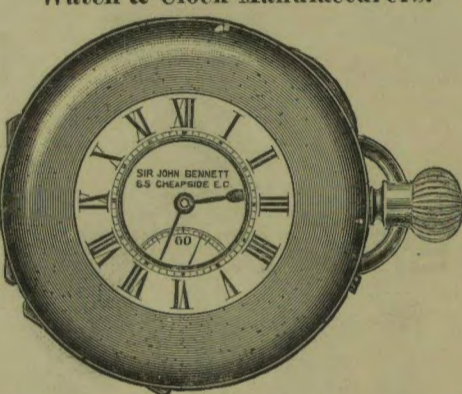
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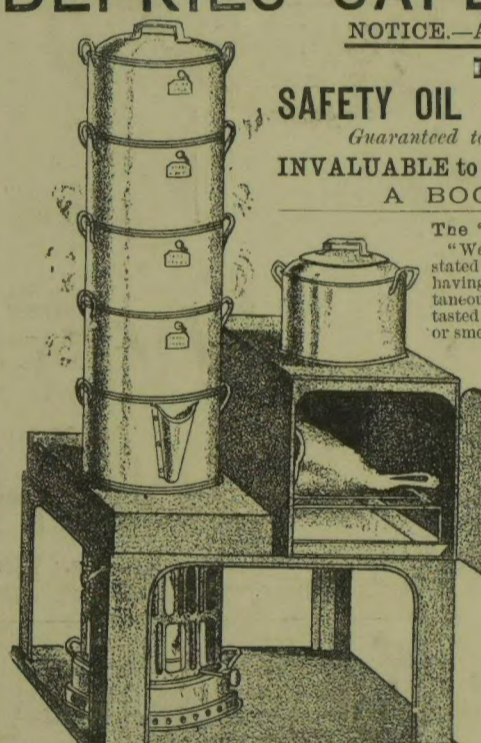
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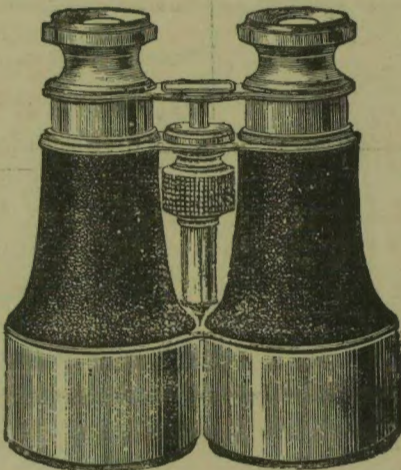
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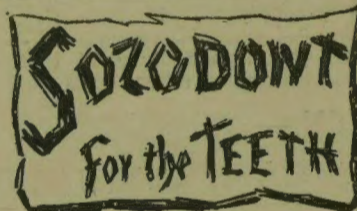
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